

GHOSTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE GUILD OF ART AND MYSTERY.

There was a new face in the old circle, and a pleasant face withal to look upon, belonging to a Sister lately co-opted to the Guild under the name of the Fair Journalist.

"You are a journalist," said the Boss from the High Chair; "have you any politics?"

"I believe I am a Radical," responded the Fair Journalist, with a slight tremor in her fine soprano.

"Impossible!" remarked the Boss, "all Radical journalists are unfair! Democrat, if you like, because in the higher mysteries the Democracy and the Empire are one and indivisible, but Radical—"

The Boss, who, as was his wont, left his sentence unfinished, here took his pipe from his mouth, and serenely puffed Radicalism and politics with the smoke into space.

"Mr. Recorder," he continued, "I presume you have instructed our new Sister in our methods of procedure. I need hardly say, therefore, that every year, on December 21, the shortest day, or rather the longest night, our Guild holds its annual gathering, and that the junior brother or sister is expected to commence the proceedings of the evening."

Our Recorder, therefore, turned down the lamps—the Boss entertaining a fanatical antipathy to gas, as one of the arch-enemies alike of Art and Mystery—and the Fair Journalist, judiciously eschewing preface or apology, began

THE SPANISH MONK.

During the Peninsular War, a detachment of dragoons was quartered in a Spanish monastery. It was before the days of the *Kyrie* Society and Herbert Spencer, and the Sweetness and Light now universally diffused had then not softened the manners of the army. In short, it is to be feared that the monks had not been treated with consideration. They had made objections to giving up their home and their chapel, and had been roughly handled, though it is not said that any were killed. But when the brethren were driven from the roof which was to have sheltered them until they crept into the safer shelter of the graveyard, and left their holy shrine to be desecrated by heretic soldiers—one of them (the Englishmen supposed he was the Superior, or some one in authority) turned, and laid a curse upon the invaders. They did not know what the old fellow meant with his gibberish; perhaps he did not know himself. But some one, or some thing, did.

The detachment remained for some time in their convent quarters, but nothing seemed to go right. The soldiers grew moody, quarrelsome, and discontented; and the officers had the indefinable feeling—easily recognised by every good officer who keeps his finger on the pulse of his regiment—that the men were getting out of hand. At first they tried judicious letting alone; but as matters did not mend, the captain in charge asked one of the sergeants if he knew what was wrong.

"Something's wrong, sir," said the man; "and, what's more, we none of us know what it is."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"There are queer things going on in this old place, sir, and that's a fact; and the men are beginning to say that they won't stay here any longer."

"Not stay here! but they must. What's the matter with the place?"

But that was just what the sergeant could not be induced to say. He shuffled and hesitated, seemed afraid of being laughed at, and afraid of saying what he knew; nothing could be got out of him but a request that the captain would come down himself when the men were in bed, and see what was to be seen.

Accordingly, that night Captain — went to the monks' quarters about 11 o'clock. The old refectory had been made their dormitory, and their straw beds lay in two long rows down the sides; heads to the wall, feet to the passage in the middle. The refectory had been built end to end with the chapel, and the large west window of the latter formed the upper part of the end wall of the refectory. Captain — went up against the wall between two of the beds, and waited. The lights were out, only one glimmering dimly in the long room. Some of the men were asleep, and breathing heavily; most of them were awake, waiting too. Presently he saw a faint gleam of light on the end of the refectory. Then he saw that it came through the chapel window. It spread—a dim bluish glow—and lit up the arches and the mullions. And in that ghastly brilliance came the figure of a monk, with the brown hood drawn down so as to hide the face. It floated through the window, and down over the prostrate men, and moved above the beds. Over one it stopped; and stooping down to the man in it, put its hidden face near his face, and gave a hideous cry—a gasping grunting hiss in the horrible throat of it. Then it moved back upwards, disappeared through the window, and the unearthly light faded.

Captain — had been so startled, so paralysed by the strangeness and horror of the whole thing, that it was only when the figure was retiring that he sprang forward and called to it to stop; but it was then beyond reach, and paid him no attention. He left the place, feeling, no doubt, very queer, and next day called the other officers who were with him to council. Of course, the explanation readiest at hand was that it was all a trick of those humbugging old monks, to clear their convent for themselves to come back into; and Lieutenant — was particularly positive in asserting this, and in declaring his readiness to tackle the masquerading intruder. So that night they all went to the dormitory together, with their pistols ready for use, determined to solve the mystery. It was arranged that they should place themselves at short distances apart, and when the figure descended should close in upon it and seize it.

Midnight came, and the blue gloom slowly dawned in the chapel window. It spread and brightened as before, and down it floated the hooded monk, and paused above the middle passage down the room. The officers rushed out—from behind, from the front, from the sides, and closed on it; but as they closed in, it rose out of their hands. Lieutenant — fired his pistol; the ball went through the figure, and flattened on the opposite wall. Then it stooped above them, and putting down its hooded head, hissed its unearthly hiss into his very face. Once more it rose, and vanished as usual through the window.

The officers went away quietly, and said little. There was little to say, and every one felt intensely relieved when the next morning orders arrived for the detachment to march without delay. With all possible speed they prepared to leave the old convent to its former inhabitants and their patron saints or demons, and soon all were in their saddles, and off. The road almost at starting made a long loop round the head of a narrow lake, doubling back until for some distance it ran parallel with itself on the two sides. Just after they had rounded the turn, they saw an orderly ride up to their former camp, evidently bringing some fresh orders, and Lieutenant — galloped back to meet him. The detachment meantime moved slowly on along the lake road, and was halted to await his return opposite a spot

where the road on the other side nearly overhung the water, running below a wall of rock. Thence his brother officers watched him ride back, meet the messenger, receive his message, and set off to rejoin them. But suddenly his horse gave a terrific plunge and tore away at mad speed. Along the road he rushed, until he reached that narrow passage between lake and rock; and there, perhaps, was something more fearful than precipice or water, for the creature gave one cry—the appalling shriek of a horse in deadly terror or agony—and leaped into the lake. And as horses and rider faced their comrades on the other side for that last plunge, the men could see on their faces the expression of utter fear stamped there by what they had seen. That look was there still when the corpses were drawn from the water; not even death could smooth it away. One of the survivors had the nerve to sketch the horse, and the drawing is still preserved.

Within a year every man in whose face the monk had hissed was dead.

I have no explanation to offer; these are facts, and there may still be some living who were witnesses of them; at any rate, the written evidence survives.

"Good," said the Boss. "I remember a very inferior version of the story being published some years ago."

"Yes," said the Fair Journalist, "that is so; but my version is the really authentic one. It was committed to writing immediately after the occurrence by each of the three eye-witnesses separately, and their accounts agree in all the important particulars. The drawing, too, of the horse is still, or was lately, in existence."

"Yes," said the Boss, "and I have heard, though I am not able to vouch for the fact, that it had been shown to Landseer before he painted his picture of 'War,' and supplied him with a hint for that terrible wounded charger. Brother Merchant of the Spanish Main, will you proceed?"

THE OLD MAN'S MESSAGE.

It was in 1832, and I was in the island of Cuba, where my business took me to the town of Cardenas. Among the sugar estates which I visited in the neighbourhood was the Minerva, at that time belonging to Don Jorge Berezo, a small potentate in his way, for he not only owned the Minerva with its *dote* of over a hundred negroes, and their produce of some seven hundred annual hogheads of sugar, but was part proprietor with his brother-in-law, Don Luis de Luna, in the Coloso, a plantation producing about four thousand boxes of sugar, and besides the two plantations had funds invested in the United States.

Don Jorge was a polished gentleman and man of the world, and with the assistance of his charming wife, made life at the Minerva very attractive to visitors. His brother-in-law, Don Luis, was a man of very different mould, unpolished, not to say coarse in manner, illiterate and loud, but withal handsome of person, remarkably muscular, and a first-rate horseman. Don Luis's mother, an elderly widow, resided on a coffee-plantation, Los Portales, near Matanzas, and Don Luis was in the habit of riding over from El Coloso, to Los Portales to pay her a periodical visit.

The Minerva lay on the road between the two. It was about fifteen miles from El Coloso to the Minerva, and about thirty miles from the Minerva on to Los Portales. The road, bad as it was, was the only means of communication between the three places, and I need hardly say that in 1832 the electric telegraph was unknown in Cuba.

One morning, while we were still at breakfast at the Minerva, Don Luis de Luna made his appearance on horseback. He had ridden from El Coloso, and called in at the Minerva on his way to Los Portales to see his mother. He was in the best of health, and, as usual, in boisterous spirits. The addition to our party naturally lengthened our meal, and it was well on towards two o'clock before Don Luis remounted and resumed his journey. After his departure the day passed as usual, and we all went to bed at the usual hour.

The next morning we had just finished breakfast and were about to separate till mid-day, when fruit and refreshing drinks were always served at the Minerva, when we saw a *coche* with three horses driving rapidly along the road from El Coloso.

Almost before Don Jorge had recognised the scarlet livery of the driver, the *coche* drew up at the door, and his sister, Madame de Luna, and her servant, alighted.

Something terrible, it was clear, had happened to bring her so unexpectedly to her brother's house. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her first articulate words were an entreaty to her brother to give her fresh horses, for she must get on to Los Portales at once. Her husband had been poisoned at Los Portales, and she had heard the news that morning.

In vain Don Jorge assured her that Don Luis was in perfect health when he called the day before, and that it was absolutely impossible for any tidings of him to have travelled the forty-five miles from Los Portales to El Coloso in the time. Leaving us, as he had done about two o'clock, it would take him at least four hours more over the execrable roads to reach Los Portales, and it was quite clear that no advice could reach El Coloso between the time of his arrival and early the next morning.

But nothing could shake Madame de Luna's determination. She was certain that her information was correct, and at all hazards she must get on at once.

When her brother asked her who gave her the information this was the story she told. She had risen as usual at half-past five, so as to begin the day with the sun-ladies resident on their estates being, at that time at least, for the most part early risers—and had begun her usual morning round. While she was in the dispensary of the hospital attached to the plantation, looking out medicines for some of the sick workpeople, an old man, whom she had never seen before, appeared at the open window, and said:

"Madame de Luna, go at once to Los Portales. Your husband was poisoned there last night, and is to be buried to-day."

Madame de Luna was a *maitresse femme*, and not easily thrown off her balance. In spite of the shock of the announcement, she had the presence of mind to call out of the window to some of the plantation workpeople to stop and secure the old man in order that she might cross-examine him.

The man heard her, and came running at once, but no old man was to be seen.

The alarm-bell was tolled, and all hands turned out to look for him. As in most other sugar estates, there was a wide clearance round the buildings, the *coche*, used for sun-drying the cane, so that escape was practically impossible, but no old man was to be found, and none of the workpeople had so much as seen him. He had vanished as he had come.

It was this disappearance of her informant which had decided Madame de Luna to undertake the journey. The message was circumstantial and distinct, and there was no other way of testing its truth or falsehood.

Perico, her *caneero*, famous for his rapid driving, very soon had the *coche* ready with its three horses abreast,

and by the time he brought it to the door, Madame de Luna and her maid were ready to start.

Such was her story, and preposterous enough it seemed. But there she was at the Minerva, resolutely determined to go on, and when Perico admitted that his own cattle were so beaten that it would be madness to try to take them as far as Los Portales, Don Jorge ordered fresh horses to be harnessed.

The roads in the afternoon in the more populous districts were not over safe for a lady travelling in a *coche* alone with her maid, and the question arose, who should accompany her.

I had finished my business in Cardenas, and I had already been staying more than a week at the Minerva, so that I felt I could do no less than volunteer my services. My offer was accepted, and towards one o'clock we started, Madame de Luna and her maid in the *coche*, and I, mounted on one of Don Jorge's best horses.

We pushed on over the whole thirty miles without changing horses, as rapidly as possible, but the roads were so rough that it was nearly seven in the evening before we drew up at the door of the house at Los Portales.

There were several horses saddled and bridled tied up, some to trees, some to hooks near the door, and on the veranda were several gentlemen.

They had returned from Don Luis de Luna's funeral, and were now departing homewards after offering their condolences to his bereaved mother.

He had ridden from the Minerva in about four hours, and after greeting his mother had drunk a glass of lemonade. He was taken ill almost immediately afterwards and died in great agony before medical assistance could be procured. Nobody at the time suspected poison or thought of a post-mortem examination, and in the usual course he was buried the next day.

The unhappy widow at once took measures for having the body exhumed, and an examination showed that he had been poisoned by oxalic acid.

I left Cardenas almost immediately, and I do not know whether the murderer was ever found, but I do know that the facts I have related are exactly accurate, and that no explanation of them I have ever heard suggested is worth a straw.

"That is the special merit of the story," said the Boss. "What is the use of a story that can be scientifically accounted for? But I think Brother Recorder told me you had another story."

Brother Recorder accordingly resumed, with

THE SYMPATHETIC TIMEPIECES.

Year after year it was the custom of the Firm for one of the three partners of which it was composed to take a fairly lengthened holiday either in Europe or America during the summer months. In 1837, it came to my turn, and I left Havana accordingly late in June for the United States, where, however, I made no long stay, being anxious to get on to the old home.

I arrived in England early in August, and one of my first visits was to an old friend and correspondent in the Midlands, whose advice and considerate help had been invaluable to our young Firm, and to whom my partners and I really looked up as to a father.

To my grief, I found him suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which, after a few days of distress and suffering, carried him off, and instead of enjoying my long-anticipated visit to him as his guest, I found myself a mourner at his funeral—a real mourner, for not only did the blow deprive me of one on whose counsel and assistance I could always implicitly rely, but of the oldest and dearest friend I had in the world, one whom I at once revered and loved as the manliest of character and kindest of heart among all men I have known.

We buried him on the 17th of August. I wrote the tidings, as a matter of course, to my partners—for there were no cables in those days—and my letter reached them, as I subsequently ascertained, on the 5th of September.

In the first days of October, I turned my face homewards by way of the United States, and as I did not loiter there, I rejoined my partners on the 25th of that month.

When the usual greetings were over, the junior partner, who acted as cashier, handed me an envelope addressed to me, bearing four or five different seals upon it, belonging to as many different firms in the town. I asked in astonishment what the document was, and what was the meaning of this extraordinary variety of seals upon it. For answer I was told to open and read the contents.

They were to this effect:

On the morning of the 12th of August one of my partners on awaking found that his watch had stopped at 3 o'clock.

Thinking that he must have forgotten to wind it up, he called out to his junior, who slept in the next room, to inquire the hour. A sleepy reply came: "Don't know; my watch has stopped at 3 o'clock."

Just as the words were spoken, the negro boy entered the questioner's bedroom.

"Go and see what the time is."

The boy stepped out into the corridor, looked at the clock, and returned.

"The clock must have stopped, massa, it point to 3 o'clock."

"Go into the sitting room, and see there."

Again the lad disappeared and returned.

"Same there, massa! Clock point to 3 o'clock."

On being touched, the two watches and the two clocks were all found to be properly wound, and a watchmaker, subsequently consulted, declared that there was nothing wrong with any of them, but that all were in perfect working order.

In due time, my partners reached the Office, which was in another part of the town, and on their arrival found that the Office clock, too, had stopped at three o'clock.

The coincidence was so extraordinary that my Partners feeling convinced that some significance of some kind—probably unhappy—must be attached to it, decided to place the facts on record in black and white.

They accordingly wrote down their declarations, and had them duly attested by four or five friends, who sealed the envelope in which they were enclosed, and this was the envelope which had been handed to me unopened. I have given the account rather as it was told to me than in the exact words of the declarations, and the substance was identical. At three o'clock in the morning, on the 12th of August, the two watches and the three clocks—which were all the timepieces there were at the house or the office—had simultaneously stopped, and this circumstance was placed on record before anything was known which could, in any way, account for it.

When my letter reached my Partners, on the 5th of September, they naturally connected the singular stoppage of the timepieces with the death of our old friend. He died at about nine a.m. on the 12th of August. The difference of time between England and Cuba is about six hours.

The record of the stoppage had been placed in the

cash-box on the day it was sealed, and had not been taken out until it was placed in my hands.

"The story," said the Boss, after we had sat down some little time in silence, "has the two highest merits of a ghost story, well-authenticated accuracy and absolute unaccountability. In this case there is a distinct connection between the two events, but a connection of a character altogether impossible to surmise. A connection there is, however, and it gives a special interest to the story. But I suppose almost everybody has had experience of some kind of an occurrence which leads us to look for something to connect it with, but which has contrived to lose its corresponding occurrence. We get hold of the end of which somebody has cut off the other end. We come on a blind blossom of a ghost story which never sets into fruit. A remarkable instance of this kind happened to me in 1855, which I may, perhaps, call

"SOMEBODY WANTS YOU."

I was then editing a paper which was published immediately on the arrival of every fortnightly Indian mail. I had an office in the Haymarket, close to the Theatre, and on the same staircase, the office immediately opposite to mine was occupied by a Cemetery Company. I was living at an old house in Kensington-square, and it often happened when the mail came in at night, that I had to get up and dress and go to the Haymarket to work. The office housekeeper, Edwards, was, therefore, accustomed to hearing me let myself in with a latch-key at any hour of the day or night, and did not trouble himself if he heard my door bang at two, three, or four in the morning. I always, in fact, when I came in at off-hours, banged the door rather ostentatiously, in order to let him know that the untimely visitor was at least a legitimate one.

My room at Kensington was built out into the garden. It was an afterthought, and had been erected by some former occupant, I rather think as a drawing-room. It communicated with the house by a double door. Beyond these was a little lobby, and at the end of the lobby another door, leading into a back dining-room, separated from the front dining-room by large folding-doors. From both front and back dining-rooms was a door leading into the hall, from which the stairs led to the upper part of the house. Any one coming downstairs into my room, therefore, had to pass through four different doors, one into the dining-room, one into the lobby, and two into my room.

Besides my Indian paper, I had other literary work which often kept me up to unreasonable hours, and one of my sisters used not unfrequently to appear in her dressing-gown at my door in the middle of the night to hunt me up and make me go to bed.

One December night, or rather morning, I was sitting writing in my room. I heard distinctly the door from the hall into the dining-room open, then the outer lobby door, then the inner lobby door, and then my own door. I was sitting, as usual, with my back to the door, and without looking round, I said:

"All right, I'm just finishing, and coming up."

Thereupon my door shut with its somewhat peculiar squeak and rattle of the loose bolt after shutting, and I heard the other doors shut in succession.

I looked at my watch. It was just a quarter to three,—later than I was aware of—and I went upstairs, getting into bed just in time to hear the church clock strike three.

"Well," said I to my sister at the breakfast-table, next morning, "I heard you come in last night, but you went off without a word."

"Heard me? Why, I didn't even know you were late I never came near you."

No! and nobody else in the house had known it or come near me. After breakfast, as usual, I went to the Haymarket, feeling not altogether comfortable about my nightly visitor.

When I arrived, I found no fire, and everything left as I had left it the evening before. I called Williams.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this? a sharp frost and no fire, and my room left covered with dust and litter?"

"Beg pardon, sir," says Williams, looking a good deal more scared than there was any occasion for, "very sorry, sir, but we heard you come in last night, and I felt sure you was in your room all the time, sir!"

"Heard me come in?—What time was that?"

"Well, sir, it was just a quarter before three, for we heard the chime go, and Mrs. Williams she says to me, she says, 'there's the mail on to-night, or he'd never come at such a time, and we heard the door bang quite plain, sir.'"

A quarter to three—why, hang it, that was the very time I had heard my doors at Kensington open.

"I can't think whoever it can have been, sir," said Williams, as he lighted my fire, "unless it was one of the Cemetery gentlemen."

He meant one of the secretaries of the Cemetery office opposite, but the conjecture was more a posits than I liked to think about. But nothing came of it. My ghost-story was nipped in the bud. It never blossomed, and I suppose now never will. Six and twenty years is a long spell for the supernatural to hang fire.

"I am glad," said Cleopatra, "that you have told a blind Ghost-story, because mine is a blind one too. I wonder what goes with that other end of them? Perhaps it is only contingent, and doesn't come off unless you happen to act in some way that makes it necessary. Mine is a story about certain

UNDELIVERED DESPATCHES.

It was while we were in India. I was sitting playing the piano after breakfast, about eleven o'clock. The end of the room on my right was a bay consisting of three sides of an octagon, a large open door was in the middle, and in each of the two sides a window. A verandah went round all this part of the house, and beyond the verandah was the garden. Out of the window almost in front of me, I could see the children playing with the native servants in the verandah, and out of the door I could see the greater part of the garden. There was a lattice-door to the verandah exactly in front of the door into the room, and this lattice-door gave the only access to the verandah. As I was playing, I saw a native come down the garden to the lattice-door with a lot of papers in his hand—long official-looking letters or documents of some kind. Moosa, a 'hamal' and a 'havidar', Bolaram, were playing with the children, and when the native came to the lattice-door, Moosa went and opened it and took in the letters, and the native went his way back through the garden.

To my surprise, Moosa, instead of bringing in the letters to me, took them round to the children. I called him and told him to bring them at once.

"What letters?" inquired Moosa.

"Those you have just taken in, and those papers."

"Mamashib, I have not taken in any!"

I got very angry, thinking him provokingly stupid; but no! Bolaram and Arthur both came round and assured me Moosa had never left them, had never opened the lattice-door, had never taken in any letters, and that no native had come down the garden.

I was horrified. I must look like such an idiot to them

all, but never those two mo letters; I can't impression t. My husband body kindly fallen him. suppose I sh as you learn But see that it is a pure

"Quite especially best reality. But let Brother J proceed."

Summe circuit.

Bozer's little laugh as the doctor Mrs. Bozer in the Clos usually tak and they had earlier but he had as if he was a deal of t able people that, there Turfin.

So to the Bozer had floor, with the side of the bright gr was the d dinary gar High-stro I had, v of them I in crimina disputed meet imp marsh. explaining the time line I had when I h went to t I open about flit up from turned r unuttera even low next flig

I turne ference o went ag hour, M planned i three m room," r n I wh but I he never b every n knows, ever so strengt

Here poor w think o It was to look the lar had a rickett, out the in at th with th light o and I close a startit

I the down, but th and th ing all the bo

What thing elaps points battle

Agar I saw to the I had from the f middl

I b thing size of up fr to the troll

Pre sudd round reall grap hear rose the a St side, the was nent flapp

I mar with and a n lean

or disc down har mat see

g th

all, but never in my life did I see anything plainer than those two women at the lattice-gate, and the look of those letters; I can see them at this minute, so vivid was the impression they made upon me.

My husband was out marching, and of course, everybody kindly suggested that some mishap must have befallen him. But nothing special had happened, and I suppose I shall know what it meant about the same time as you learn who your mysterious visitor was that night. But see that native I did, if I never see another, and it is a pure illusion to talk to me about illusions.

"Quite so," sententiously observed the Boss, "especially in a world in which the illusions are the best realities, and the realities the worst illusions. But let us observe the hour of midnight fifty. Brother Jurisconsult, the Court is with you, pray proceed."

THE IDIOT.

Summer Asizes in a cathedral city on the Oxford circuit. I had gone to my usual lodgings at Mrs. Boser's in Cross-street, but one of her multitudinous little daughters was taken ill on the day I arrived, and, as the doctor pronounced the illness to be scarlatina, Mrs. Boser kindly made arrangements with Mr. Turfin in the Close to take me in during my stay. They did not usually take in any gentlemen of the bar, said Mrs. Boser, and had carried off all the prizes at the Cathedral school; but he had lately gone quite silly, poor thing, and looked as if he wasn't long for this world, which had given them a deal of trouble; but I should find them nice, comfortable people, and if it was cooking a chop or anything of that, there wasn't a better cook in the city than Mrs. Turfin.

So to the Turfins I went, and I found them all Mrs. Boser had said. I had a large sitting-room on the first floor, with a large bay window looking out on the south side of the cathedral, across the neatly-shaven lawn and bright gravel paths. On the side opposite the window was the door into my bedroom, which looked across some dingy gardens on to the backs of the old houses in the High-street.

I had, wonderful to say, five briefs at the Asizes—two of them "coup" briefs on the Crown side, two defences in criminal cases, and one at Nisi Prius in reference to a disputed right of way to a windmill. This last was the most important, and the facts were by no means easy to marshal. The solicitor and his clerk, however, had been explaining them to me best part of the evening, and by the time they left me I understood pretty clearly the line I had to take. I was sitting noting up my brief when I heard a sudden sharp scream in the passage, and went to the door to see what was the cause of it.

I opened the door, and saw Mrs. Turfin and a lad about fifteen nearly at the top of the stairs which went up from the landing just outside my door. The lad turned round as I opened the door with an expression of unutterable terror in his eyes, and, with a second scream even louder than the one I had heard, rushed up the next flight with his mother after him.

I turned back into my room, feeling that any interference on my part would do more harm than good, and went again carefully through my brief. In about an hour, Mrs. Turfin came into my room and, tearfully explained that her son had been "struck silly, like," some three months before. "He came down and slept in this room," she said, "as his own was being white-washed, and whether it was a bad dream or what I don't know, but there was something as frightened him, and he's never been his own lad since; and the job as I have every night to get him past the door, poor thing, nobody intended from time immemorial by Mrs. Stark, and the adventurous Arty and Arty stared at the Atlantic from the new esplanade, with something perhaps of the feelings of the late Mr. Keats on first reading Chapman's Homer.

Here a third shriek in the distance again called the poor woman upstairs to her bedside, and I began to think of going to bed myself.

It was a lovely night, and I opened the window wide to look again at the cathedral calmly towering up against the last flash of the summer sunset in the north. I had a couple of candles as well as a lamp on the rickety, spindle-legged table in the bow, and putting out the candles for the sake of the moths who might come in at the window, I sat in my arm-chair at the table, with the brief before me. The lamp threw but a dull light on the paper, but I did not care to read any more, and I sat there drowsily looking out on the dreamy close and dreamy mass of gothic architecture and dreamy starlit sky.

I thought I felt something move at my feet. Looking down, I saw that one leg of my table was on the carpet, but that the carpet, which was a square one, was loose, and that there was a considerable margin of dark boarding all round it. My chair, too, I noticed, was partly on the boards and partly on the carpet.

Whatever it was that attracted my attention, everything was perfectly still when I looked round, and I relapsed into my dreamy mood again as I watched the pointers of the Great Bear just above the cathedral battlements.

Again I felt something at my feet, and looking down, I saw that the side of the carpet was no longer parallel to the side of the room, and that a ruck, or fold, which I had not noticed before stretched diagonally across it from the leg of my table. While I was still looking at the fold, I saw a motion in the carpet nearly in the middle, but somewhat on the side furthest from me.

I looked more attentively. It certainly was something moving, struggling—something round, about the size of a man's head, under the carpet. It rose a little up from the floor, dragging the edges of the carpet more to the middle of the room, moving uneasily, as if controlled by something underneath it.

Presently it rose a little higher still, and jerked suddenly on one side, as if to make room for another round protuberance of about the same size. Were they really men's heads? Whatever they were, they were grappling, wrestling together under the carpet, and I heard dull knocks and then a dragging sound as the two rose higher from the floor till their heads were as high as the seat of my chair.

Still they wrestled and fought, and came nearer to my side. Presently in a convulsive grapple, which shook the whole room, the edge of the carpet close to my table was lifted up so as to reveal a sort of black cavern underneath it, the edges of the carpet shaking and almost flapping with the violence of the motion.

I could no more move than one can in a horrible nightmare. I watched intently for a glimpse of something within the cavern. I heard a sound as of blows struck, and once, as one of the heads disappeared for a moment, a noise which I can only liken to that of a butcher's cleaver on a carcass.

I fancied—but I feel sure that it was only fancy—I saw one flash of a second a hand flat on the floor, pale and discoloured, almost green, with dark blood streaming down the strained tense forearm and wrist, but I can hardly tell how far subsequent remembrance and imagination may have modified what I saw, if indeed, I did see anything.

Soon after this, which seemed to be the crisis of that ghastly death-wrestle, I saw only one head moving, and it was moving away from me. I heard the dragging

sound again, and when the head had reached the spot where I first saw it rise, the carpet shuddered—I cannot describe it in any other way. There was a final twitch, then a sigh, or rather a hiss, and all was still again. The carpet was all in rucks and rumples, but there was no more noise nor movement.

How I got through that night I do not know. I sat in my chair, I know, till daylight, and then, with a sudden desperation, snatched a corner of the carpet, and pulled it to the side of the room. There was nothing to be seen but the brown, almost black, boarding of the floor. The dust, indeed, looked as if something had been dragged over the floor, but I think it was only the carpet itself. There was absolutely no sign of anything out of the common having taken place.

I slept a little later in the morning, but I left the house as soon as I had had breakfast, never to return. I knew why that poor lad was an idiot now, but whether he only saw what I saw, or whether that fearful wrestle was revealed to his eyes, though hidden from mine, probably none will ever know.

I won my right of way to the windmill, and actually received an extra fee for the way I fought for it, but I have never attended another Asize in the city, and no fee would ever tempt me to pass another night in that room in the cathedral close.

"I prefer making no comment on the story," said the Boss. "Let us leave it at that, and go on. That wild boar in the Edda, who gets killed by the sporting gods of Valhalla every day, and starts off again next morning as good as new, is a landable and joyous beast who appreciates the situation and enters into the humour of it; but two persons deficient, name and age unknown, enacting murder every night until further notice under one's lodging-room carpet, ought, in my opinion, to be brought under the notice of the authorities, and, if necessary, suppressed by Act of Parliament. I find it hard to express my sense of the revolting impropriety of their conduct. Sister Sophonisba, will you kindly relate your experience?"

"I am very sorry," said Sophonisba, "but my story is only a one-sided ghost story. It was a real ghost enough for somebody else, but for me it was only a piece of furniture. I think, however, that if ever a sham ghost was justified and justified, mine was: This was how it happened:

THE GUARDIAN GHOST.

I live, as you know, alone with my old housekeeper, friend and maid-of-all-work, Rachel, in the last cottage but one away from the sea at Nether Whitting, the only cottage in the neighbourhood where I could find a room that could, by any amount of persuasion, be converted into a studio.

The sea is at Nether Whitting, when I first took up my abode there, consisted of two or three consumptive clerical men, a porphyritic half-pay colonel, some eight or ten spinster Misses, very much about the same age as other people, and the annual widow with her three pretty daughters and lot of a son. But a few years later the beauties of Nether Whitting began to be advertised in all the railway stations between London and Dourmouth, and all the world was informed that "this picturesque village" was within easy reach of the latter fashionable winter resort.

The usual disastrous results followed the excursion trains to Dourmouth. A new hotel was built at Nether Whitting, and henceforward it lost its immunity from Philistine invasion. Three new bathing-machines appeared on the beach beside the two old ones, superintended from time immemorial by Mrs. Stark, and the adventurous Arty and Arty stared at the Atlantic from the new esplanade, with something perhaps of the feelings of the late Mr. Keats on first reading Chapman's Homer.

It was towards the close of the season two years ago. I had been painting all day, and went out when the light began to fail to take my daily constitutional, and make a few house-keeping purchases.

"Have you heard of the robberies, mum, last night?" inquired Mr. Vamley, the grocer and wine-merchant at the corner of the Stileway, or as it was now beginning to be called, Stileway-street—"two houses, mum, I hear, at the top of Dourmouth-street."

On my disclaiming any knowledge of the transaction, Mrs. Vamley continued: "Mrs. Birdsell, you know, mum, as lives in the further house, she tells me as she missed the key of the front door when she went to bed; but she didn't think much of it, being as she thought Mrs. Purvey, as she left in the house when she went out, had took it with her, and would bring it back in the morning. But it seems as the thieves had took it, and come in in the night and carried off everything as they could lay their hands on in the living-room—the shells of the mantelpiece and all—but whether they was disturbed or what, they didn't come upstairs at all, though Mrs. Birdsell, she always sleeps with her door open, and she'd got the gold watch as old Mr. Birdsell had use to carry at her bed's head."

All this and a great deal more Mrs. Vamley recounted to me before I went on to the parsonage, and from thence, a little before ten o'clock, home. When I got in, I looked at the front door lock, and behold, the key was gone.

"Rachel, have you seen the front door key?"

"No, mum, not since this morning."

It was clear that my cottage had been singled out by "the thieves" as the scene of their next burglary, and that they had walked off with the key with a view to facilitating operations.

Rachel and I held a council of war. There was no assistance to be had close at hand, and the objections to our going out to any distance, either singly or doubly, were clearly, under the circumstances, insuperable.

A happy thought struck me. In the corner of my studio, carefully hidden from view, was the lay figure I used to use when I painted more portraits than I do in these days. Rachel had often urged me to get rid of it, for she regarded it as something uncanny. I don't think, indeed, that I do her an injustice in saying her feeling towards it was one of religious hatred. She held it decidedly evangelical views, and I believe in her heart of hearts entertains some misgivings as to whether painting in all its branches is not a forbidden pursuit; but at all events, she is quite convinced that to fashion images in the figure of a man is not and cannot come to good.

The crisis, however, was too serious to admit of humoring her prejudices or superstition in relation to my artistic properties, and I said decisively:

"Rachel, we'll get out my lay-figure and set it on the stairs."

Rachel felt that it was not a time to insist on objections.

"Well, mum," she said, "I do believe if anything would frighten 'em that would be, but I can't bear even to touch the thing: it do stare so."

In spite of all antipathies and repugnances, however, she helped me to get the thing out of its corner, and I am bound to say that even I felt some little personal dislike to the creature for staring so perseveringly as I do at its abominable mask of a face. It and its stand, too, were a heavy load for us, and its disused hinges were

rusty with the sea-air, and squeaked and grated in a most unbecoming and annoying manner.

We did get it down the first flight of stairs, nevertheless, and set it in position on the landing immediately opposite the front door. As you enter the hall there are six stairs leading up to this landing, and the passage out of which you go into the dining-room on the right, passes by the side of the stairs to the kitchen beyond.

Rachel fetched a sheet, and we arranged the attitude and drapery in a highly artistic style. The arms were raised, and the fingers hooked down like talons ready to clutch. The head was bent forward, and the sheet arranged so as to look like a hood over it, flowing in fine folds over the figure. I thought of Esau's witches in "Macbeth," of Retesh's demons, of Lievens's "Witch of Endor," and did my best to "combine my information," not altogether without success. We placed my reading-lamp on the top landing of the stairs, out of sight, but so as to throw a bright light on all the upper part of the front of the figure, and the wretched dummy really looked so gruesome that I felt myself shuddering when I had to brush against it on my way upstairs. As to Rachel, I had the greatest difficulty in getting her past it at all, and if I had not scolded her well she would infallibly have gone off into hysterics.

However, I got her past at last, with the plate-basket containing my very limited display of plate. This, together with Rachel's silver watch and my own, we left on the flight of stairs above our guardian-ghost, arguing that if "the thieves" detected our imposture and came upstairs in spite of it, they would be satisfied with snatching our valuables without murdering us in our beds. My little gold watch, by the way, I hid away under a loose board in the corner of my room, for I thought if worst came to worst, they would hardly suspect me of two watches.

Well, when we had made our preparations, we both went to bed in my room, and I conscientiously declare that I went to sleep almost at once. But poor Rachel found it impossible. Whether she was more scared at the prospect of a burglary in the cottage, or the thought of the figure on the stairs, I do not know, but I rather think the latter. Still, she is a trusty old body, and has plenty of courage, of course, excepting in case of the supernatural intervening.

It was a few minutes past three when I heard her say:

"There's steps, mum!" and felt her clutch my arm.

Steps certainly there were, and voices outside, as we sat up in bed with our hearts beating like steam-engines. Then there was a fumbling and clicking at the lock, and we heard the door gently opened.

I suppose they opened it just a little ajar, and listened for a while to hear whether everything was still for further operations. But this theory did not occur to me till afterwards. At the moment, I felt certain that they had come in—were creeping up silently past our guardian, and would immediately present themselves at the door with black masks, dark lanterns, revolvers, and all the other horrors of their profession.

Suddenly there was a resolute "Yah-h!" then a momentary pause, then another "Yah-h!" in a lower and gruffer tone, and an unmistakable stampede of heavy-booted male creatures—three, I think—outside. We heard the footsteps scuttling first over the bit of brick pavement, then down the gravel walk and through the gate, till they grew faint and slower in the street, and finally died away along the road towards Dourmouth.

"Now's the time, Rachel, before they come back!" and both of us jumped out of bed. I put on my dressing-gown in a second—Rachel had not undressed—and down we went, I stumbling over the plate-basket, and only saving myself by clutching at our guardian's shoulder.

There was the key, sure enough, on the outside of the lock. I did not wait to look out, but took it out, slammed the door to, and locked it in the inside almost in a breath.

If we had only known, the need had been no hurry. We watched and waited almost till daylight, but no footsteps came our way. As for our guardian, we pulled his arms down, and pushed him up in the corner of the landing, with the sheet over him, for the night, and consigned him to his old seclusion the next morning, when we had the cottage put into the state of defence so necessary in "picturesque villages" advertised as being within easy reach of a fashionable watering-place.

"Yes," remarked the Boss: "the ghost under the circumstances was not only justified—it was a stroke of genius. As has been remarked in another connection, we have not yet exhausted the resources of civilisation in the suppression of crime. Brother Recorder, will you relate the Old Admiral's story?"

"It is some thirty years since I heard it from the lips of the Old Admiral," said Brother Recorder, "but I wrote it down the evening I heard it, and my version is, I believe, an accurate reproduction."

"STAND FROM UNDER."

It was at the close of the American War—I rather think in '38—at all events, we had just given up New York, which a few old folks still called New Amsterdam, to the Yankees, and nobody cared to talk much about the business on Brooklyn Heights a few years before. Well, his Majesty's ship, Medusa, Captain David Pritchard, was in New York Harbour, just weighing anchor for England. It was towards ten o'clock at night, and there was an ugly storm brewing. The captain hadn't come on board yet, having gone to supper with a friend of his, one Deaneannon, who had a little place at Brooklyn, about a furlong or so from the water's edge, on East River or Long Island Sound. Presently he came on board in his gig which had been waiting for him all the afternoon and evening, very drunk, and, as he always was when he was overseas in his liquor, in a devil of a rage. But, whether it was he was a Welshman, or whatever it was I don't know, there was this odd thing about Pritchard. He drank like a fish, and would get as drunk as an owl, but he could always walk fairly straight, and always talk without stuttering. It was only by the colour of his face, which used to go a sort of grape purple, and the style in which he swore at everybody and everything near him, that you knew he was drunk. Even when he was mad drunk, as I've seen him more than once or twice, he never drove nor staggered about. It was just real lunacy for the time, and he was about as cunning and dangerous a lunatic as ever I came across, either in or out of an asylum. Well, on board he came, and all hands were hauling away at the anchor for the dear life in a moment, while he stood by, stamping and swearing like a maniac. Just as the anchor was lashed and they began to drop down the Sound, the storm broke. I don't think Pritchard was frightened—he never was that I heard of—but he couldn't stand anything that made more noise than himself when he was drunk, and the lightning and thunder really put him almost beside himself. He swore at them till he was fairly exhausted, and then he turned into his own cabin, and I suppose went quietly to sleep. Just upon eight bells the tempest had abated a bit, and the first lieutenant—Bryce's name was, James Bryce, as good a fellow as ever trod on shoe leather—was walking the deck. As he

came past the mainmast he heard a voice up aloft sin out

"Stand from under!"

He looked up, but could see nothing, and thinking it might be his own fancy went on walking. When he paced past a second time, he heard again, more distinctly than before,

"Stand from under!"

Again he looked up, but could see nothing in the dark ness aloft. However, he was quite certain this time that it was not his fancy, and he sent a man up to see who it was, thinking it must be one of the middies larking in the rigging. Up goes the man to the mast-head "All clear, sir! Nobody here!"

"What's that by your starboard fin? It looks like head," shouted up the lieutenant.

"This, sir, only the block, sir. There is not th ghost of a soul up here, sir!" Just then there came another flash of lightning, and a tremendous roll of thunder, and the lieutenant could see for himself that there was nobody aloft except the man he had sent down came the man, and Bryce resumed his walk "Danced rum thing," he said to himself. "I could have sworn I heard it."

Just as he passed the mainmast a third time, he heard the voice roar out again, as if through a speaking trumpet,

"Stand from under!"

Bryce was a thoroughly good-tempered fellow as ever lived, but this was a little too much for his patience. He told me, just for the moment, he never felt in such a devil of a rage in all his life.

"Let go!" he bellowed out at the very top of his voice, and almost before the words were well on of his mouth, with a solid sort of a smack and heavy thump, something dropped bump down on the deck at his feet. Up he stepped, and found it was a coffin with a corpse in it and the lid off. Of course, as soon as ever he saw what it was, he went down to the cabin door and just put his head inside.

"Corse come on board, sir!"

"Pitch the corse overboard!" growls the captain from his hammock. "and go—," but the lieutenant has been so often told where he might go, that he didn't wait for further instructions.

Up goes Bryce and gives orders accordingly, and the boatswain pipes up half-a-dozen men to pitch the corse overboard. Not one of them could stir a splinter of the lid, let alone the coffin and the corpse. The lid stuck to the deck as if it had been frozen to it, and the corpse was as hard as a stone and absolutely immovable.

Down goes the first lieutenant again to the captain

"Corse won't go overboard, sir!"

I needn't repeat what the captain said in reply, but I would have been bad for the late inhabitant of the corse if the wishes he expressed had been carried out to the letter.

"What the (naval expletive) does the infernal jacksapes mean by coming aboard my ship at this time of night? (More naval expletives.) Pipe all hands on deck and pitch him overboard to (naval expletive)."

All hands were piped up accordingly, and each and all tugged and shoved in turn till the perspiration dropped off their finger ends. But stir a fraction of an inch the coffin would not. Bryce and Pritchard themselves tried their hands, but they might as well have tried to push the Hill of Howth into Cork Harbour.

"Are all hands on deck?" at last roars out the captain.

"All but one Yankee, sir, and he's too ill to leave his hammock."

"Send for him!"

Away start a brace of tars to tell the Yankee he is wanted, but they return in a minute.

"Says he can't move, sir!"

"Fetch him!"

The captain employed the time occupied in fetching the unhappy Yankee in swearing at everybody all round for leaving one behind when all hands were piped on deck. Presently the men returned with the Yankee, a long, black, straight-haired rascal, emaciated with sick ness and as yellow as a duck's foot with sheer funk.

"Pitch that corse overboard!" bellowed the captain.

The poor devil shuddered and quivered, but this pushed him up to the coffin, and the moment they made him touch it, it moved immediately.

"Pitch the corse overboard!" repeated the captain, and the order was at once obeyed by the men without the smallest difficulty.

"String up the Yankee to the yard-arm!"

The boatswain at once seized hold of the culprit and pinned him; a running rope was rigged up and noosed round his neck, and almost before you could say Jack Robinson he was swinging at the yard-arm as dead as a herring.

"There!" shouts Pritchard. "I've made an example of him, and if any (naval epithet) son of a gun who doesn't know what to do when a corse comes aboard again, begins rapping at my door, I'll make an example of him too, by (naval adjuration)."

With that he turned in again to his bunk, and Bryce told me there wasn't a cloud to be seen in the moonlight by that time, and the Medusa never made so swift a passage home either before or since.

"But," said Cleopatra, was there nothing said about the corse being that of a murdered man, and the Yank being the murderer?"

"No," said the Recorder, "the Admiral incidentally referred to the fact, after telling the story, but, as he argued, of course no corse would have had the indecency to come on board if it had not been murdered, and equally, of course, it would not have moved unless the Yank had been the murderer. The evidence on which Captain Pritchard hanged him was really so conclusive as to obviate any necessity for inquiry. No jury in the world could have acquitted him under the circumstances."

"Of course not," said the Boss. "One only wishes that more corpses would show as much common sense. Brother Glass-painter, let us hear from you!"

THE BIG BELL BEWITCHED.

The whole place was full of ghosts. Old Straight, the Rector, had stuck to his living like a man for more than half a century, but since he had been gathered to his fathers no less than three rectors had held it in the course of as many years, and the changes at the Rectory were hardly more rapid than the changes at the Hall, where, after a long minority, the young Baronet and come into possession, married, and drunk himself to death almost within the same period, leaving the title and estate to fall into the hands of an uncle already in his seventieth year. The regular course of Nature at Market Beboorth had evidently been tampered with, and the supernatural night at any moment be expected. "The Rectors" held a field-day almost every Sunday in the market-place, and almost every Sunday brought about some new miraculous conversion. A witness from Beboorth, giving false evidence in a poaching case at Cleycester Assize, had been choked on the spot by a phenomenon described as "his tongue slipping down his urgle." Old widow Baxter in Sheering-street was pos-

ceased by a devil, and mightily wrath was she that the beborth clergy declined to lay it in the Red Sea with all, book, and candle. And as to ghosts proper, why, there was one regularly night after night in the Cow pasture; there was one in the footpath to Easton; and no less than five had been seen at once in Cox's-alley.

But the ghost of the end of July, 1847, was the ghost of Mr. Straight, the "old Madam," as she was always called, wife of the former Rector.

A solid, handsome, square two-storied brick mansion, with ashlar facings, was the old Rectory, built, so it was said, as well as the Hall close by, by Isaac Jones. Any way, it was a fine old place, with a level lawn in front, and in the middle of the lawn was a huge holm-oak—a striking feature in the view of the Rectory, Hall, and Church from the Park, from which the lawn was only divided by a sunk fence. Between the lawn and the Rectory was a broad gravel drive or terrace, along which and from the departed Mrs. Straight had for many years been wont to take her daily constitutional. She generally wore a black satin cloak with fur trimmings, a large fur tippet, and a vast silk coal-scuttle bonnet, exchanged in bad weather for a calash like the head of a phanton.

Two preposterously fat little dogs always accompanied her. Tibby, the elder and fatter of the two, was a straight-haired, white and dark liver-coloured terrier with a dash of pug. Salt was a white broken-haired terrier which, if he had been the property of a less exalted personage, I might perhaps have described as a mongrel air.

Well, the old lady and her pets had long enough departed this life when it was decided to demolish the old Rectory and build a new one on White's bowling-green, a furlong or so farther away from the church. As soon, however, as the work of demolition was well commenced, it began to be reported through the town that the "old Madam" had returned to her old haunts. I cannot, of course, conjecture whether she may have wandered in the interval which had elapsed since her lamented demise, but whatever it was it would seem that

"admitted to an equal sky."

Her faithful dogs had borne her company, for Nat. Oldacre, the tinsman, coming home from his allotment garden by the side of the Cow pasture, and passing in front of the old Rectory, had distinctly seen her in her habit as she lived, with the two dogs waddling grave and ghostly and fat behind her. Will Collett, too, the lath-render, who used to work at the old Malt Mill, and seen her "about dusk-hour" on the same evening and corroborated Oldacre's account.

"I don't so much wonder at th' old Madam comin' back," said Will. "It was only natural like, when they pass-pullin' th' old Rectory down; but I don't like them dogs! I never heard no good o' dogs a-comin' back."

The end of July was, for me in those days, the end of the summer holidays, for the happy thought had then as yet not occurred to the British schoolmaster of dividing the year into three halves instead of two and sacking the difference. I felt that if I were destined to distinguish myself in the supernatural line at Beborth, it must be now or never.

Under the influence of this inspiring reflection, I purchased at Collier's, the shop of the town, opposite the Bigby Arms, a length of stout whipcord and a large ball of string. I borrowed the key of the church from the clerk, which in those days, when I was often sketching inside the church for days together, I could do without exciting suspicion, and marched up to the church.

I locked the door on the inside and mounted the spiral staircase up the tower. I passed the belfry chamber, where the works of the old clock stood—it had but one hand, the hour hand—and the five bell-ropes hanging with their worsted guards; up, past the empty room above, to the bell-chamber itself. Here I scrambled in among the wheels and framework of huge oak beams to the big bell, and contrived to get my head and shoulders underneath it. I tied one end of my whipcord securely round the nozzle at the end of the clapper, just under the bulging part of it that strikes the bell; I greased the whipcord well with a bit of tallow candle I had brought with me; extricated myself and went to the bell-chamber window on the north side nearest the big bell.

I next tied a stone I had also brought with me to the end of my ball of string and let it quietly down out of the window. When it touched the ground, I cut the string and tied the end on to my well-greased whipcord, and after testing my apparatus came out of the church and took the key back to the clerk, who, by the way, was under-master in the "lower school" at Beborth, and a snarling-outter when not otherwise engaged. The key, too, was a pluralist. The tube extended all the way to the handle, near which a touch-hole had been bored, so that it could be employed either as a key or a miniature cannon.

As I was meditatively strolling up towards the Park, I met Jack Leigh, the doctor's son. Jack and I were the Pythons and Orestes of the school, and I wanted help.

"Jack, are you game for a ghost?"

"No," says Jack. "I don't want a charge of dust-shot in my legs, and Arthur Baker swears he'll pepper the next ghost he claps eyes on."

"Ah, but I don't mean any of your sheet and turnip-lantern rubbish—I mean a real jolly good new ghost that'll blue-funk Arthur Baker and old Boots himself, for that matter."

"Well, what is it? I'm game!"

I told him the little arrangement I had entered into with the big bell, and asked what he could suggest farther.

"We must work the dogs in, somehow. Old Will Collett makes a point of the dogs."

Now it happened that Abel at the Bigby Arms had a pretty daughter, and the pretty daughter had a pretty little black and tan toy-terrier.

"Let's go to the Bigby and prig Mitty Abel's Vinegar."

"Wrong colour!"

"Bosh! Little dogs should be heard and not seen in delicate cases of this kind."

To the Bigby Arms accordingly we went, and while I engaged the attention of Mrs. Abel and Mitty—Abel himself being busy in the inn yard—Jack contrived to seduce Vinegar with a biscuit, and carry her off under his jacket unperceived.

At "dusk-hour" that evening Jack carried a short ladder—Dr. Leigh's house was close by the church—and I carried Vinegar, safely stowed away in a square hamper, from the surgery to the old Rectory. The whole of the top story was already pulled down, with the exception of the great principal chimney. We planted the ladder against the wall, heaved Vinegar up in her hamper and deposited her safely in the black gap in the chimney which had once been the fireplace of the best bedroom. We hid the ladder in the shrubbery, and went innocently into Mr. Leigh's for supper.

At ten o'clock I wished everybody good-night. It was warm and fine, but very dark, and I felt just a little bit creepy myself as I stumbled over the graves in the churchyard to find my stone and string. I found them, however, without difficulty, and, trying another length to the end, I came with the string in my hand to a point in

the churchyard fence where I could manage to scramble up on to a bough of one of the elms which formed an avenue along which the road went up to the Hall.

I found getting into my perch with the string in my hand no easy matter, but I did get into it, and waited patiently till I saw all the lights out in Dr. Leigh's house, except the one in Jack's bedroom.

Then I began to operate. As I pulled and slackened the string, I could feel the clapper swaying to and fro with a wider and wider oscillation, but strike the bell it wouldn't. At last, when I was almost despairing of the efficacy of my apparatus, I heard a faint muffled

Bom—m—m!

and presently I established a fairly regular knell.

I had hardly tolled three times before a light was struck in the cottage belonging to Silver, the gardener at the Hall, just across the road from Dr. Leigh's. Then I saw his door open, and his figure in trousers and shirt-sleeves dark against the light.

Presently I heard a step moving up the road to the Church, and Will Collett's voice:

"Why, Mr. Silver, whoever's the bell a-noamin' for at this time o' night?"

Then I heard Ben Belton, the sexton:

"Come along to the church w' me, an' see who 'tis."

All three came up to the church. Ben had the key of the tower in his pocket, and they disappeared inside. A light was struck in the belfry, and ten seconds later Silver and Collett again emerged.

The bell had been tolling all the while in a muffled and impressive, if rather uncertain and paralytic manner, but at this point, as ill-luck would have it, my well-greased whipcord gave way at the bell-chamber window, and with a final dying

Bom—m—m!

the big bell relapsed into silence.

I wound up the string, slipped quietly down the tree, and skirting round by Dr. Leigh's garden, came briskly walking up the road towards the church, as if I had just left our own house. By this time there were some twelve or fourteen scared fathers of the town standing at the churchyard gate, all talking at once.

"What the deuce is the meaning of all this?" I asked in as important a voice as I could command, with a fine touch of the indignation natural to a young gentleman roused from his peaceful slumbers at such an unseasonable hour of the night: "Who's been playing this precious prank?"

"Ah, you may well ax," answered Belton, the sexton. "Niver see a such a thing in all my born days! We went up to the belfry, an' there wur the ropes all a hangin', as still as still, as if not a soul had niver touched 'em. An' Mr. Silver and Mr. Collett, they went out again, for they couldn't abear to see them ropes a doin' nothin' and the bell a-goin' on noamin' all the time. But I tho't I'd just go up an' hev' a look at the bells mysen, an' I went up, and there was the big bell and all the rest on 'em as still as still, an' just as I was a lookin' it gov' another noon, and I durstn' look no longer, and I come down as if the Old 'un had kicked me, a deal quicker nor what I went up, I can tell you."

"Well," says I, "Ben, you'll never die for want of pluck, but what do you think the meaning of it all can be? Has anybody seen Mrs. Straight walking again any of these nights lately?"

"Why, Muster Collett here, he see the old Madam, an' the dogs an' all, one night—last Wednesday wur a week, wurn't it, Muster Collett?"

"It wur," responded Collett, "I see them dogs last Wednesday wur a week, as plain as iver I see 'em when they was alive, an' th' old Madam an' all."

"Very queer," said I, "and what's that?" There was not the slightest doubt what it was. It was Vinegar howling in her hamper in the chimney.

"Why, it's them dogs again!" ejaculated old Collett. "I allays said as niver no good 'ud come o' them dogs comin' back a-thissens."

The whole posse moved on through the churchyard to the old Rectory, and Vinegar, hearing footsteps, and anticipating immediate rescue, judiciously held her peace.

A deep silence fell upon us as we waited there for the next manifestation of the supernatural, a silence which Vinegar soon found of evil omen and intolerable, for she lifted up her voice again, and howled more piteously than ever. There was a unanimous "Ah—h!" and everybody felt that everybody shuddered.

"Drat this cursed nonsense!" shouted a big voice, just as everybody began to find their tongues again. "Fetch a ladder, and I'll soon stop it all! A pack of ninecompoes!"

It was Mr. Rutland, the butler at the Hall, a big, cheery man, and sceptical withal, for more than a year he had been set walking in the Cow pasture at his own instigation, and for his own not-over-moral purposes.

There was a long ladder lying among the debris of the old house, which Jack and I had found too cumbersome for our purpose, but it was soon got into position by Belton and one or two helpers, and Mr. Rutland mounted.

I followed close behind, and Jack, who had joined us, followed me.

"Rutland!" said I, quietly.

"Yes, sir?"

The big man answered as quietly as I had spoken to him, for he was conscious of former half-crowns.

"You can't see anything?"

"All right, sir?"

Mr. Rutland marched ostentatiously across the floor down to which the walls had been demolished, and looked up the chimney.

"Nothing here at all! I tell you what it is. I don't like this!" and with that, he scuttled back to the ladder. Jack, meanwhile, hid himself behind the chimney out of sight of the assembly, speaking quietly to Vinegar, for fear she should begin to howl again when she heard her chance of rescue retreating into the distance.

"How about Master John, sir?" whispered Rutland.

"All right; I'll see to him presently. Let's get the ladder away."

Down came Mr. Rutland as fast as his size would permit, and I close behind him.

"Take away the ladder, men! We can't have folks clambering about the place at night. Take and folk up over the sunk fence there. I don't like the looks o' the business. I'm off!"

Mr. Rutland accordingly disappeared towards the Hall, and I improved the occasion by adding:

"I don't see what good any of us can do by staying. We'd better all go home and go to bed, and get up better men, let us hope, in the morning."

The sentiment appeared to meet the views of the little assembly, already considerably diminished, and I walked off down the street with Ben Belton, whose cottage lay on my way home. I wished him good night at his door, and walked on, strolling quietly up the market-place and out of the town into the park, and thence back to the old Rectory, where I soon got our short ladder out of the shrubbery, and released Jack and Vinegar.

Very early the next morning I again borrowed the key from the clerk, having heard the tolling the night before, and being of course anxious to be quite convinced that the sound was not produced by natural causes. I cut the bit of whipcord off the end of the clapper, rubbed over the marks made by the friction both on the bell and the window-sill, and clearly established the fact

that the bell had tolled without any human intervention.

A little later I scurried down to the old Malt Mill to talk the matter over with Will Collett.

"Ah!" said Will. "but you didn't see the worst on it. I wur just a comin' down by this corner here after you'd all gone home, an' I turned to look back at the church like, and there was the old Rector himself. I see him as plain as iver I see you this minute, and he lift up his hands an' he says: 'Woe to Beborth! Woe to Beborth! Woe to Beborth!' three times, just like that, and then he seemed to fall to pieces, like, and I see nothing of him no more. An' then I heard a laffin'. Nothin' 'ull iver make me believe but what that was the devils a-laffin' over what's a goin' to come."

I remembered as he spoke that when Jack and I came away at last, I had stood for a moment or two in the road just at the point where Will Collett asserted that he had seen the departed Rector, opposite the surgery door, and that we both went into the surgery a minute or two to laugh before I went on home. But that "Woe to Beborth!" was a stroke of old Collett's own fine imagination.

"Brother Glass-painter," said the Boss, "you're a swindle!"

"Quite the reverse, Boss," replied Brother Glass-painter. "There's no swindle about it. The story's as true as the truest ghost-story ever told!"

"Possibly. But I repeat, Brother, you're a swindle. Your tale may afford a chuckle to the sceptic and the scoffor, but it can never raise a square inch of goose-skin on the flesh of a true believer. Brother Paracelsus, will you continue?"

The Mystic thus appealed to began to apologise, but the apology was promptly suppressed, and he proceeded with:

LADY MARVYN'S GHOST.

Newby Court was the Manor House of Newby, which may perhaps have been a new village when the Danes settled in the Midlands along the Wreke, but which, when I knew it, was the type of an old-world hamlet within the district once governed by the Five Burghs.

The Court itself was a many-gabled half-timbered mansion, the framework of which belonged to the days of the Wars of the Roses. The principal front looked over a terrace walk with a sunk fence to a paddock which sloped down to the Wreke, on the other side of which stretched a long tract of undulating wolds. There were two wings, the left-hand one considerably larger than the other, both with overhanging gables, in one of which was a white and in the other a red rose. Between the two projecting wings was a barbaric modern glass portico, filling the whole of the lower space between them, and from the portico a flight of stone steps of equal width with the portico descended to the terrace, the lowest step just reaching on the right to the outer side of the narrower wing.

The front door, which was modern, with a brutal plaster Tudor rose stuck over its square top with Roman mouldings, was approached through the portico, and opened into a huge oak-panelled hall with a Turkey carpet, on which was a large oak table. The walls were hung with skins of wild beasts, and an enormous tiger-skin formed the rug in front of the fireplace, which was on the right hand as you went in. The chimney-piece was partly old oak, with a male mythological terminal figure as supporter on the left, and a female on the right. The celebrated architect, however, who had bedevilled the old place for Sir Randal Rufford, M.P., some eight or nine years before I saw it, had contrived to make the venerable oaken deities support a broad entablature of white marble, instead of the narrow oaken mantelshelf under which they had originally commenced existence, and on this marble expanse stood a classical French clock in the middle, and a number of glass cases with stuffed birds at the sides.

On the left of the hall were the stairs, with magnificent oak banisters, and the landing formed a sort of gallery running the whole width of the hall opposite the front door. Both to right and left the gallery was continued as a passage, out of which a number of doors opened on each side.

Such was the house in which I found myself when I went home for the Easter holidays with my schoolfellows Randal and Dick Rufford. Randal was just thirteen, a little older than I was, and Dick a little younger.

The parlour household, so far as I knew, consisted only of Sir Randal and Lady Rufford, a daughter, Muriel, the eldest of their family, and ourselves. On the Saturday before Easter two nephews appeared at breakfast, having been driven over from Askaby, about eight miles off, in order to go fishing with us. The day, however, was far too boisterous and stormy for any out-of-door amusement, and after waiting and watching at the windows till all hope was lost, we decided to play at hide-and-seek till early dinner-time, and old Pomfret, the butler, major-domo, groom of the chamber, confidential superintendent-general, was told off to see that we did not get into mischief.

We had played for some time, when it came to my turn to hide. The rest waited, and made believe to hear and see nothing in the hall, while I went rambling to find a hiding-place. The house was only two storeys high in the front, though it was three at the back, but there was a step-ladder which led up through an open trap-door to a curiously intricate labyrinth of little passages and chambers among the rafters in the gables above the inhabited part of the house. One of these passages was lighted by a skylight, and out of it were several little doors into which one could only enter on hands and knees.

Into one of these I crawled, and was feeling my way to go into one of the farther corners, when I heard Pomfret coming puffing and peating after me, calling out my name, and before I could come out, he had crawled in through the little door after me, and clutched hold of my leg.

"Stop, sir, stop! You'll get into the well!"

"What, a well up here in the attic? What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir, the well goes right through the house down ever so deep."

"What a funny thing! Where is it?"

"Well, sir, if you feel with your hands a little to the left there, you'll feel the edge of it."

He still kept tight hold of my leg as I stretched forward and felt about, and sure enough, I felt the edge of a hole, with a sort of fence about six inches high of rough wood round it. I picked up a bit of mortar and dropped it down. It seemed a most unconscionable time before it reached anything, but at last I heard a muffled splash at the bottom of the well.

"That's where Lady Marvyn comes up," said Pomfret, gravely.

"Who?"

"Lady Marvyn, sir! Her as walks on the terrace. They do say that she was murdered in the summer-house as Sir Randal had pulled down at the end of the terrace. He thought it might stop her walking, but you can hear her feet as she comes up and down on the

gravel, up and down a'most every day of the week. And this is where she comes up before she walks."

"You don't mean a ghost?"

"Well, sir, there are some gentlemen as don't believe in ghosts; but I've heard her walking times out o' number on the terrace, and once I see her plain nor I see you now, sir, coming down the stairs 'n'to the hall."

I did not at all like the notion of having been so nearly paying an involuntary visit to the defunct Lady Marvyn, who had taken up her lodgings with Truth at the bottom of a well, and I came out into the passage with Pomfret very considerably scared.

Pomfret went downstairs, and I followed close behind him till we got back into the wholesomer part of the house devoted to human occupation, when I let him go on ahead.

When I got into the main corridor, of which the gallery in the hall formed a part, I saw the rest of the players standing at the top of the flight of stairs in the gallery.

"Hullo," says Randal; "What's the matter? Why, you're as white as a sheet!"

"So would you be if you'd been as near going down where Lady Marvyn comes up as I have."

"Oh, you were going to hide in the well-chamber, were you? Well, I wouldn't be frightened at a ghost."

"But Pomfret says he's seen her, and—"

But just as I was entering on my defence, Randal interrupted me with—

"There she is!"

And thereupon bolted with all the rest of the party down the broad carpeted stairs into the hall, and through it into the dining-room.

I was at the top of the stairs at one end of the gallery. In the passage at the other end, which was a continuation of it, a door on the right opened, and a lady, all in white, and with a white hood over her head, stepped out, tall and stately, into the corridor. She did not look my way, but began pacing along the passage away from me with a slow and silent step.

I watched her till she was nearly at the end of the passage, glimmering in the gloom. If she reaches the end, I thought, she will disappear.

I darted along the passage after her, clutched her by the arm, and turned her round to the light.

The most beautiful eyes I had ever seen looked down at me with grave and inquiring astonishment.

"Oh," I stammered, "I am so sorry! I beg your pardon! I thought you were a ghost! Randal said you were Lady Marvyn!"

I did not wait for any answer, but ran back as fast as I could to the gallery and down the stairs, flushed up to the roots of my hair with shame at having treated a lady so roughly, and anger at Randal for having fooled me.

Randal was in the hall, laughing at his joke.

"You're a liar!" I said. "You told me it was Lady Marvyn, and I went and twisted her round and hurt her arm, I know. You're a liar, and a coward too, to go and make me seem so rude to a lady!"

Randal edged backwards towards the rest of the lady who were standing by the dining-room door, but I followed him up.

"Won't you fight, you coward? There, take that! and go and tell your ma!" I gave him a tolerably vicious slap with the back of my hand on his cheek, and he burst out blubbering.

Lady Rufford, who was sitting in the dining-room, heard the quarrel and suddenly appeared at the door. She was a large, raw-boned masterful woman, who seemed to consider that spoiling her children gave her a legitimate right to bully her husband.

"What do you mean by striking Randal?" exclaimed her ladyship, administering a sharp box on the ear.

"He told me a lie, and made me believe very badly."

"He didn't make you behave badly—you did it yourself. I have a great mind to write to your father and send you home at once. You're a very bad boy!"

Her ladyship, however, had no real intention of the kind, and in a short time peace was restored, though I made up my mind to have it out with Randal next half.

The young lady I had treated so unceremoniously, was, I learnt, a niece of Sir Randal's, a confirmed invalid, who used to take a constitutional every day up and down the corridor for half-an-hour. She lived almost always in her own room, but now and then she felt strong enough, would join the family circle downstairs.

That evening, I heard, she would come into the drawing-room after dinner, and I should see her again. There was to be a grand dinner party, including a number of Sir Randal's principal constituents and their wives. We had never to appear in the dining-room, but after dinner we were to go into the drawing-room and I should have an opportunity of meeting my ghost.

Accordingly, soon after the ladies had left the gentlemen to their politics and port, we were ushered into the drawing-room by Pomfret. The room was pretty full without the gentlemen, but I had eyes for only one figure. I never had seen anything half so lovely as my ghost. She had long black ringlets—it was in the days of ringlets—and very dark blue eyes with long lashes—those wonderful Irish blue eyes which make intelligible the mysteries of Celtic romance.

She was asked by Lady Rufford to play something on the piano, and at once complied. When she had finished, she was still sitting on the stool at the piano when I screwed up my courage to speak.

"You play that quite as well as my sister," I said. Then, feeling that this really conveyed a far higher compliment than she knew, I added, "but my sister does play beautifully, better than anybody, except you."

She looked at me, and taking no notice of my remark, said:

"Why, you are the little boy who took me for a ghost."

"Yes! and I was so sorry! I'm afraid I hurt your arm. I wouldn't have done it for anything if I had known. But I thought if I didn't hold you tight and turn you round, you would go away into the wall at the end, and I didn't want that."

After that we were on the best of terms, and she asked among other things what book I liked best to read. I had no hesitation in saying that I thought "Sintram and his Companions" was by far the most interesting literary work I had ever read. "Only, you know, it wouldn't be anything at all without the frontispiece of the knight, which was done by Albert Durer over a many years ago."

"Should you like to be a knight?" asked my ghost.

"Of course I should, only there aren't any knights now, only colonels and that kind of thing, which is quite different."

"Well, but if I were to say you shall be my knight, do you think you would be able to think and feel as the old knights did, only without any sword, or armour, or horse?"

"I would try to, and I'm quite sure I should always think of you."

She rose from the piano, kissed me on the forehead, and went out of the room. I watched for her return, but she never came back, and presently we were re-

minded that had not yet

I did not know knight

I never Court at 2 in truth

Easter sin trains a d Court, and only two

"Broth you have told you have encourag high, and when you all, the o knowing man who to your s the terr with two come pas gravel at When w our own somebod this is a Brother as super

Broth he said, that I k

A CO I was e m a plac morning great re before, and a m paper, w Nobod oringin France, In due of the Co re had

"Is t municat the Spe the scer manner nis mem from th into se folded the Gu menced The l

In the Anet in take, I though not aut they w o draw Purefoy place, special tied to rounge ause o sands Dolonel ad not the d rounde notice from t the oth f mor are l remi enalt ment, and, summar a he sim. I he st tep, seen eculy ounde cho h

The listen a all t cas not y hem, save rack tairs railin could is b co, f ure n the b rave and there but tand y sh The dnoe alk

Sa hat hie tum illi tory ut nd ing em

A

mind that it was our bed-time, though the gentlemen had not yet made their appearance.

I did not wash my forehead that night, for the seal of knighthood was a holy thing.

I never saw her again. When I went next to Newby Court at Michaelmas she was dead and buried, and I was in truth the Knight of a Ghost. It is forty years next Easter since that kiss was given. A hundred and fifty trains a day whirl over the spot where once was Newby Court, and of those who gathered there that spring-tide, only two are left among living men.

"Brother Paracelsus," commented the Boss, "you have left your story unfinished. Why not have told us that for forty years in the battle of life you have felt the inspiration of that kiss—been encouraged by its remembrance to faith in all things high, and, it may be, reproached by its remembrance when your foot has given ground to the foe? After all, the only two people in the world much worth knowing are the woman who can ennoble and the man who can be ennobled by a kiss. But to go back to your story, I have myself heard the footsteps on the terrace at Newby Court. I have stood there with two friends, and heard the steps distinctly come past us. The sound was not so loud on the gravel as our own, but it was heavy for a ghost. When we went on to the grass-plot and did not hear our own foot-fall, the effect was exactly that of somebody taking a leisurely constitutional. But this is a mere normal old-fashioned manifestation. Brother Mercator, we want something novel as well as supernatural."

Brother Mercator looked meditative. Presently he said, "Well, there is no ghost in it—at least that I know of—but it is none the worse for that."

A COMMUNICATION TO THE PRESS.

I was engaged in collecting logwood in Central America in a place where mail-day was a tremendous event. One morning there was a report in everybody's mouth that a great revolution had taken place in France the day before. Such a report naturally created no small stir, and a mighty fuss was made about it in the semi-weekly paper, which was the only representative of the Press.

Nobody believed the story, and when the mail arrived bringing the news that everything was "all serene" in France, it was dismissed as an unadulterated fib.

In due time, however, the mail arrived with the news of the Comp d'Etat of Dec. 2, 1882, and lo! the report we had scouted was correct to the day.

"Is that what would be called an 'inspired communication'?" asked the Boss. "Why does not the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* obtain the secret of transmitting intelligence in the same manner? It would save him at least from having his messengers cut to pieces at Tauris, and himself from the annoyance of having his letters first torn into scraps, and then returned to him in a neatly-folded parcel. Fair Sister Journalist, the canons of the Guild require that you should close as you commenced our sitting."

The Fair Journalist thereupon related:—

THE HAUNTING FOOTSTEP.

In the last generation, when duelling was far from extinct in the army, two officers, whom, for convenience sake, I will call Colonel Purefoy and Captain Lincoln, though these were not their real names, which I have not authority to publish, were old and intimate friends. They were in the same regiment, and no doubt expected to draw their friendship all the closer when Captain Lincoln's wife's sister became the wife of Colonel Purefoy. Unfortunately, however, the very opposite took place. The two ladies disagreed; I believe the special cause of offence was that the elder sister, married to the Captain, objected to yield precedence to the younger, who was the Colonel's lady. Whatever the cause of the quarrel was, it grew, and naturally the husbands found themselves involved in it. In the end, Colonel Purefoy challenged his old friend, and the latter did not the courage to defy the code of honour of the day. The duel took place, and the challenger fell, mortally wounded. Poor Captain Lincoln, who might be called a murderer in spite of himself, made no effort to escape justice, and was duly tried and convicted. It appeared from the evidence that the provocation had been all on his side, and that his real crime had been a want of moral courage which probably most of his judges were to in their hearts. The result was that—either by remission of the sentence, or by commutation of the penalty—he actually endured only three years' imprisonment, which passed without any unusual event. At their end, he came out of prison a free man, having in the eye of human justice expiated his offence. He went home; but as he entered his own door, he heard a footstep behind him. He looked round, there was no one; he moved on; he stepped followed—a human step, a man's step, a lame step, the step of Colonel Purefoy. The dead man had been lamed by a wound, so that his tread was quite peculiar and recognizable by the sound, and it was the sound of his tread which now followed home the man who had killed him.

Thereafter it haunted him with a frightful persistency, and yet in an intermittent way which kept him in all the horrors of expectation. He would be free and at ease and walking with some friend, when the invisible foot would join them, and crunch the gravel behind him, until his friend's nerve gave way, and he took back in haste. When he was out, it would not always rack him, but the servants would hear it go up the stairs to his room, and there walk, walk, up and down, waiting for him to come back to it. And no servant could stay to serve him. At night it would pace beside his bed, until his wife's terror overcame her, and she, too, fled from the haunted man. Only one human creature remained faithful to him, and that was his daughter. He bore with the horror, and clung to her; and her rare presence seemed to have some slight power to ward off the evil, for he could sleep in her arms, though nowhere else. Then only the ghostly step did not hang about to break his rest. Flesh and blood could not stand it long, and in about two years he died, worn out by sleeplessness, nervous suffering, and mental agony. This story was told me by the son of a friend of Captain Lincoln, who had himself heard the step follow as they talked together.

Said the Boss: "But have not I somewhere heard that it was a wooden leg—a genuine 'tree pin'—which the unhappy duellist heard continually stump, tumping after him? A wooden leg, no doubt, is a difficult piece of property to deal with in a ghost story, like on physical and metaphysical grounds, and the Supernatural, like Happiness, is born a twin, and its twin-brother is the Grotesque. But our sitting is concluded. May we all meet again on December 21, 1882, after

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMICS.

(From Punch.)

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Romanesque.

Hail! season of peace and of plenty,
Plum-puddings and pantomimes rare!
When my landlord forgets all the rent he
Has sworn he will sue for—the bear!
Gay orgies of beef and snap-dragon,
Of crackers, and mottos, and cake,
When the baron is roasted—the fagon
Is emptied for somebody's sake.

Reality.

Out on this gorging time of beef and turkey,
Of silly customs and of doctors' bills,
When all the world, without, is cold and murky,
And every home is full of pains and ills!

Romanesque.

Fill high the love-bowl with good wassail!
Let us drink to old customs, begat
When every man's home was his castle,
He it town-house, or cottage, or flat.
Ring out the glad bells from each steeple!
Clasp hands and pledge hearts for a year!
Send a Christmas-card, sure to "your people,"
With robins' mid snow and good cheer!

Reality.

Will you forgive each stricken sister-sinner?
If not, call not this time by empty names!
What will you give the poor for Christmas dinner?
They have no smoking feasts nor yule-log's flames!

TRIO OF PRINCES.

Sung by the Royal Albany-Edinburgh-Christian Combination Minstrels.

We are Three Musical Boys,
Edinburgh, Christian, and Albanee,
Music each one of us enjoys,
We sing, play, and lecture in the North Country.
With a little glee here,
And a little glee there,
Here a glee and there a glee,
And everywhere a glee.

We are—Three Musical Boys,
Who sing, play, and lecture in the North Country.

IRELAND'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

(A Wish and a Suggestion.)

Would Ireland at her outer door
Just hang up her Christmas stocking, O!
John Bull with good will that stocking would fill,
And he'd quietly leave without knocking, O!
For good he'd do that country, though
Its troubles so sadden and fret him, O!
His help he would give, saying "Live and let live!"
If only some "Parties" would let him, O!
"Defence of Property Fund!"—that name
To generous hearts is shocking, O!
But call it the "Mansion House Fund"—that same
John Bull will drop into her stocking, O!

SIR JOHN BOLKER, G.C., M.P.

"Jack with my familiars, John with my Brothers and Sisters, and Sir John with all Europe."
Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Sc. 2.
(Our Version.)

"Good Sir John, how like you—?"

Merry Wines of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5.
Police setting botching-traps are guilty of "aiding and abetting." Beware of the "Police Trap"—Black Maria. (Signed) E. H.

The recent case of "Denman v. Cripps" goes to show that our schools have not so very much improved since the days of Dotheboys Hall. As to the School Board, the members of the committee, both ladies and gentlemen, seem to be slinging mud at one another, and making "another jolly row down stairs." But in the meantime what is being done for the unhappy boys and girls? Where's the Seldom-at-Home Sec., who sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Joe in the Industrial School?

Commissioners sore

Long time he bore,

And School Boards was in wain,

Till the Home Sec.

He came direct

To ease him of his pain.

SCHOOL-BOARD PROGRESS.

Before proceeding to the business of the day, a lady member, Mrs. Busyboddy, said she wished to call attention to the New Education Code. Mrs. Bluebody said she was clearly out of order, and appealed to the chairman.

Mrs. Busyboddy (warmly).—I am quite aware, Mr. Chairman, that I am not strictly in order, but I think I am justified by the importance of the subject.

Mrs. Bluebody (interrupting).—I must again appeal to the chairman. I protest against this most irregular proceeding. There is enough business in to-day's paper to occupy us for a week, and I don't see much chance of any progress being made to-day if Mrs. Busyboddy is allowed to enter upon matters that are not before the Board.

An Hon. Member.—I should wish to make one observation.—(Cries of "Order! Order!") Uphear.

Mrs. Bluebody (violently).—I say that Mrs. Busyboddy is out of order, and it is not the first time. I again appeal to the chair.

Chairman (loudly and angrily).—If you appeal to me, I must say that you yourself are out of order. Any remark on the general conduct of a member of the Board is irregular, and I must request you to withdraw it.

Cries of "Withdraw! withdraw!"

Mrs. Bluebody.—Well, I will withdraw it, although it happens to be true.

An Hon. Member.—This is not a withdrawal, but an aggravation.

Everybody (jumping up at once and shouting).—Mr. Chairman, I protest!

[At this point, thinking it might become an affair of inkstands and umbrellas, our reporter left quietly, with the best hat he could find. Debate still continuing.]

"YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS FLING."—It is said the Drury Lane Theatre committee are so pleased with their present leases that they are about to erect his statue in the vestibule. The legend carved on its pedestal will be "Pro Horris et fœcis" (or fœcis).

(From Fun.)

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

"Christmas comes but once a year!"

That plea's supposed to be a softer;

But since it costs one precious dear,

One's precious glad it don't come oftener.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A young barrister of good practice who lately took a rule—we mean a wife—lodged a notice of a peal, the day before his wedding, at the parish church belfry.

"I'm—ous Wome.—Fighting Zululand."

THE WORST OF THIEVES.—It requires a heart of flint to break open the lock of a church intent to steal and rifle an *olus-box* of its contents. Some miscreants have been doing this sort of thing about the country lately. What a pity that the old army cats, which must be pining for a good scratch, can't be used on the backs of these rascals!

MILITARY.—Nothing annoys a raw recruit so much as to call him one; it is adding insult to injury, you know, to call him raw when he is smarting under the feeling that he has been "done brown" by the seductive recruiting sergeant.

NAT. A SHAME!—A drayman at Plymouth has been found drowned in a vat of beer at the brewery where he was employed, and it is supposed that he committed suicide. We think this is decidedly uncharitable, because it is perfectly possible for the man to have tumbled in. There are very few men who do not "tumble" to a drop of beer, and thousands of them fall very low through an over-fondness of malt liquor.

(From Judy.)

AND YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT ONE WAS TAME ENOUGH.—Manager (calling to prompter): What's all that noise about?—Prompter: Bless if I can help it. Here, the Hind Leg's been having another down with his pal, and now they're p'-g-ving it out on the stage!

Indiscriminate indulgence in intoxicants induces insouciant intellects, irreverent irreverence irritates, constant contemptible conduct, impudently impudently.

(From Moonlight.)

We end the year as we began it, with Ireland to the

fore. Mr. Forster took over a "Message of Peace," but the peace was not big enough to cover the rents.

Miss Bradlaugh abridged the "Tails of My Landlord." Parliament opened in January, and the Bradlaughites were so incessantly upon their legs that before a month had passed all the House spoke with a brogue. The Prime Minister himself was called to order by Mrs. Besant for carelessly letting fall the expression: "Bedad!" Mr. Bradlaugh made frantic efforts to be allowed "to sit." He has been quieted for the present with a "duck's egg."

Poisoning became an every-day matter. The coroners left it to the jury, the jury left it to the police, the police left it to the public prosecutor, and the public prosecutor left it to the Home Secretary, where the interest ceased. Under these circumstances, the improper employment of vermin destroyers grew so common that when people met in the street they asked one another "Who's yer Rat-ter?"

Fair Trade and Free Trade have been at loggerheads, and the battle is not yet ended. Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain have talked loudly about the cheap loaf, but while they have been talking "bread's riz."

THE WAITS.

My uncle plays the fiddle,
My aunt she plays the life,
My cousin plays the tambourine,
And tried to teach my wife.
My wife she don't like music,
And somehow—nor do I;
At least, they never made us love
Their style of harmony.

'Twas getting close on Christmas,
And we had gone to bed,
When coming up the garden-path
We heard some footstep tread;
And then, beneath the window—
So history relates—
A sound of instruments was heard,
And we exclaimed "The Waits!"

They squeaked and scraped and tootled,
Until our ears were sore,
And we at last resolved to bear
That horrid noise no more.
For basis and for foot-bath
We madly groped about,
And, opening the window wide,
We dashed the water out.

A scream was that which followed,
A gurgle and a groan,
And a voice that seemed to us
Familiar in tone.

"Go, see who are these people!"
My wife replied, "I can't";
I did—and found that we had soused
My uncle, coz, and aunt!

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From the *Whitehall Review*.)

The correspondence published by the Duchess of Marlborough reveals a strange inability to understand a kind action. To return the cheque sent from Blenheim was ungracious, to say the least of it; while the logical and clearly-expressed opinion of the situation and of the dire necessity for an appeal on behalf of Irish ladies, who, in their present penurious and half-starving condition, must bless the name of Gladstone and fervently thank heaven, morning and night, that we are ruled by such Christian patriots as Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, and Co.

Although the high priest of the Home Office declines to receive a deputation in favour of the "poor bribers," I have reason to believe that a relaxation of the term of imprisonment will be permitted in the case of Mr. Edwards, who is an old man and feeble.

Mr. Powell, whose shocking fate has filled us all with horror, was a nephew of Mr. Walter Lacy, the popular actor. With much regret I hear that Mr. Agg-Gardner, who jumped out of the balloon which carried poor Powell to his ghastly death, is suffering severely from the effects of his leap. It is feared that the injured leg may mortify.

United Ireland, the paper confiscated by the Government, is to be published in England, and its circulation will probably be increased by several thousands. As the police gave receipts to the newsmen from whom they seized the papers, I presume the Government intend to pay for the copies carried away by their myrmidons.

I have my readers who have accounts open on the Stock Exchange will prepare in good time, for the settlement on Dec. 27. It does not do to prophesy, I very well know, and least of all about the course of the money market. But sometimes even on that abstruse subject one may get a wrinkle from head-quarters, indirectly I will grant. I can speak very certainly on one point: those who may want money on Thursday will have to pay for it, if they get it at all.

(From the *World*.)

It is said that the Postmaster-General is about to adopt the continental system of charging telegrams at per word. The rate would be one halfpenny a word, with a minimum of sixpence. So far so good; but it is added that the names and addresses of receiver and sender are to be counted in the message. This is decidedly a step backwards for the addressee, if they have to be paid for at the rate of one halfpenny a word, will be so incomplete that they will throw a great deal of extra trouble on the clerks and the telegraph boys—for it is to be presumed there will be no penalty for omitting the number or the district from an address. With the large number of streets of the same name in London, many addresses, if complete, would take up nearly the whole number of words in a sixpenny telegram. Again, a message which now costs one shilling for twenty words, and may, eight words for the receiver's address and four for the sender's, would, by the new system, cost one-and-a-halfpence. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fawcett will think twice before taking away with the one hand what he gives with the other.

The Christmas season, though a festive season to the world in general, is rather a dull season to those whom dear old "Nicholas" would have described as "sportive souls"; and, as these souls are never happy unless they have "something on a good thing," they may be grateful to me for a happy thought.

The thought in question is this. Every one knows that the human machine, known as a "lander," is bound to produce on Christmas morning a discourse appropriate to the season, and these journalists—Christmas sermons divide themselves into two classes, the sentimental and the cynical. One preacher is strong upon mistletoe, sparkling snow, good cheer, and all-round benevolence; the other finds his materials in fog and slush, indignation and Christmas bills. My suggestion to the sportive soul is that he should choose one of the morning dailies—the D.T., perhaps, the best for the purpose—and either give or take the odds against the sentimental or the cynic. This is really a fine opening for good speculative betting, and there is a chance of some exciting wrangling, should the article begin in one vein and end in another, a plan which it is quite on the cards might be tried for a change.

(From *Truth*.)

Prince Leopold will proceed to Germany on a visit to the family of his future bride, after passing Christmas with the Queen. He will remain abroad for a month. The marriage of his royal highness will take place at Windsor, and probably in St. George's Chapel; but this is by no means settled, as the Queen is at present disposed to command that the ceremony shall be celebrated in the private chapel within the castle, where Princess Christian and, more recently, Princess Frederica were married. This chapel has long been renovated and cleaned up; but it is comparatively quite a small place, and the ground is so taken up with pews, which could not be moved, that if the marriage took place here, it would involve quite a private ceremony. Her Majesty will, doubtless, yield to the anxious desire of the bridegroom that he may be married with precisely the same state as the Duke of Connaught.

I continue to notice allusions to a coming lawsuit between Messrs. Burdett-Coutts and her sister, Mrs. Money-Coutts. There will be no litigation whatever respecting the settled estates devised by the will of the Duchess of St. Albans. A synd of eminent lawyers having decided that the husband of the lady was an

alien (which, by-the-way, was the opinion from the first of the late Mr. Overy, who was so confident that he was right, that he declined to draw the settlement), the baroness wisely resigned the property involved, and I believe that her sister has made over to her two-fifths of the income from the bank fund for life, but she loses 275,000 a year. A person who knows little more than this provision in the will was not directed against Count D'Orsay, as has been repeatedly stated, but against the late Louis Napoleon, who was vehemently suspected of designs on the golden hoards of Mr. Coutts.

Some of the Anglo-Indian newspapers appear to have the gift of setting affairs to their own satisfaction. In one of these it is stated that the Duke of Albany will succeed the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy; that the Duke of Connaught will very shortly proceed to Madras, and take command of a division of the army; that a few months later he will be named Commander-in-Chief at that presidency; and that the latter post is only to serve as a stepping-stone to the supreme command of her Majesty's forces in India. Here in England we learn these somewhat startling bits of news for the first time; but this is "only a detail."

The Duke of Portland was last week "installed" (of course, through the medium of a dinner) as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company—that exceptional body, which was established during the last years of Henry VIII., and which, to this day, can be called out by the sovereign without the intervention of Parliament. Sir R. B. Lindsay, the late colonel, was not sufficiently "affable" to be popular among the members, and the news of his "resignation" was received with general gratification. The tiff which led to his departure is said to have been caused by his absence from the Windsor Review, when the Captain-General, the Prince of Wales, not unreasonably expected to see him at the head of the regiment.

Members of the Raleigh may call to mind a man of somewhat remarkable appearance, striking shirt-cuffs, and resplendent jewellery, whose luck at cards was the all-absorbing topic some four or five years ago. No stakes were too high for this gentleman, and one after another vainly essayed to vanquish him. His high play and success were not confined to London, but the Curragh Camp, Aldershot, and other military centres shuddered at the name of Donald Shaw, of the 80th. Luck, however, seems to have deserted him. At the last session of the Central Criminal Court, he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour for forging the name of a friend.

The eloquent and accomplished Bishop of Derry has been a nominated select preacher at Oxford. His Hampton Lectures in 1876 attracted larger congregations than any delivered during the present generation.

NEW BOOKS SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

THE AVON: from Naseby to Tewkesbury. Twenty-one Engravings by Harwood Saxton. Imp. 4to, price 11s. 6d., cloth. Large-paper copies, with Proofs of the Plates, 25s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE PERSIAN WAR from Herodotus. By the Rev. A. J. Canon, M.A. With Coloured Illustrations. Price 2s., cloth, with gilt edges, 6s.

STORIES from the CLASSICS. By the Rev. A. J. Canon.

STORIES from HOMER. 5s. and 6s.
STORIES from the GREEK TRAGEDIANS. 5s. and 6s.
STORIES from the ROMAN HISTORIANS. 5s. and 6s.
STORIES from VIRGIL. 5s. and 6s.
A TRAVELLER'S TRUE TALE, from LUCIAN. 2s. 6d.
THE STORY OF THE LAST DAYS OF JERUSALEM. 2s. 6d.

Just Published, price 5s.

THE WORLD'S FOUNDATIONS: Geology, f. Beginning. By A. Gwynne, author of "Sun, Moon and Stars." With Coloured Illustrations.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS: a Book on Astronomy for Beginners. By JAMES GIBBERN. With Preface by Professor PITCHER, and Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6s., cloth. "I have often been asked a question, which has as often puzzled me. 'Can you tell me of any little book on astronomy suited to beginners?' I think that just such a book is here presented to the reader."—*Professor PITCHER'S Preface.*

EVAN'S MULBERRY TREEM: a Story in Rhyme. With numerous Coloured Illustrations. Paper boards, price 3s. 6d. "A very attractive little book, and certainly above the level of its fellows."—*Spectator.*

THE STORY OF ANDROCLUS and the LION. With numerous Illustrations. Fancy boards, price 2s. "The old story produced in a superb and brilliant and attractive that it would have astonished the children of long ago. The pictures of the noble 'king of animals' are handsomely drawn."—*Literary Digest.*

BENAVENTA: a Tale. By Mrs. MARSHALL. With Frontispiece, cloth, 5s.

TALES BY MRS. MARSHALL. JOE SINGLETON'S HEIR. 2s. A LILY among THORNES. 2s. LADY ANN'S INHERITANCE. 2s. JOHNNY'S BROTHERS. 2s. LIVES AFTER DEATH. 2s. NOW-A-DAYS. 2s. THE OLD GATEWAY. 2s. MILLICENT LEIGH. 2s. VIOLET DOUGLAS. 2s.

SWEETBRIAR: a Tale. By AGNES GIBBERN. With Frontispiece, cloth, 5s.

UNDER THE SHIELD: a Tale. By M. E. WINCHESTER, author of "A Nest of Sparrows."

THE NEST OF SPARROWS. By M. E. WINCHESTER. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. "The story of the book is thoroughly good, but not good; the children are like real children. . . . Some of the incidents are singularly touching."—*Reading Review.*

CHIRPS for the CHICKS. By M. E. WINCHESTER, author of "A Nest of Sparrows." With Thirty-one Illustrations by Wallis Mackay.

STORIES from the BEST BOOK. By MARY SEELEY. Part I. The World before the Flood. Part II. The Patriarchs. Each Part contains ten New Illustrations. Cloth 4s. "Suitable for very young children, and well illustrated."—*National Church.*

SEELEY & CO., 51, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

PEELE'S FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL. 117 and 119, FLEET STREET.

BEDROOMS FROM 2s. 6d. BREAKFAST, PLAIN, 1s. 6d.; DITTO, MEAT OR FISH, 2s. ATTENDANCE, 6s. PER DAY.

PROPRIETOR J. JONES.

ANDERTON'S HOTEL. FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

ANDERTON'S HOTEL.—This old-established house, having been the most complete establishment in the City of London, is centrally situated, being within a few paces of the New Law Courts, the principal Theatre, and the heart of the city, and is especially adapted for the accommodation of Families and Gentlemen.

THE CHARGES ARE VERY MODERATE. TABLE D'HÔTE ON APPLICATION. A NIGHT PORTER IN ATTENDANCE. Bedrooms, from 2s.; Apartments, 1s. 6d.; Breakfast, from 1s. 6d.; with Cold Meat, 2s.; Dinner, 2s. 6d.; Table d'Hôte daily.

F. H. CLEMON, Proprietor.

AMONG the people there is now a growing demand for a preservation of the "Victoria Magazine," says "It is with the utmost confidence that we recommend this excellent preparation."—*Queen's Victoria Magazine.* We have recently reached its office on a young friend. After taking the vitalized photographs for a fortnight, the said "I feel another person; it is a pleasure to live." It is especially for the brain and nerves, provides also having preserved 125,000 bottles. From any chemist, or 5s. per bottle, or post free from F. CLEMON, 107A, Strand, London, S.W. (accepts of stamps or P.O.O. Send for descriptive pamphlet. It is worth reading.)

The distribution of her Majesty's alms took place at the Royal Alms-house, at Whitehall, on Friday and Saturday in the past, and on Monday and Tuesday of the current week. The total number of persons receiving the bounty amounted to 1,383, of whom 1,000 received £a, £1a, each, the first representing the common "beggar's pension," £1a, of £a, being allowed to a relatively small percentage of the general poor, belonging to the metropolis, and the second "special alms," being granted upon the recommendation of a clergyman, resident in London or in rural districts. In older times these "pensions" were at the same apportioned, distributed at the Royal Palace, where a sum of £1 was given weekly to the poor and needy. Long prior, however, to a distribution of this bounty was transferred to the Palace to the Royal Alms-house, then situated in Scotland-yard, Whitehall, which is within the jurisdiction of the Lord Steward's Household. The reformed alms house, having been given away week by week, have been lost to two masters of thirteen shillings each at Christmas. The candidates in the present year were favored by the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of V. (Lord High Almoner) and the Rev. Canon E. H. Force (sub-Almoner to the Queen), assisted by Hanby, Esq. (Secretary and Yeoman of her Majesty's Alms in Ordinary), who in turn was aided by the co-operation of the rectors and vicars of parishes in London and its environs, and also of those who minister in country parishes. On the list of recipients there are many whose age ranges from upwards of ninety years, besides which more than half of the persons benefited are either blind, paralyzed, or otherwise sadly afflicted.

The Signaller.

me full particulars, and I believe much better. It may be thought that, after all, though the hours may be long, and duties responsible, yet the work is not hard, nor exactly continuous. It is only dropping this signal and putting up that. Ten or twelve trains an hour cannot be so very burdensome a charge to attend to. Knowing as I do, that twenty-five or thirty trains an hour is no unusual service for some of the signal-boxes round London, I confess that I had some such opinion myself. Without entering upon the subject of the other signal-boxes, however, let us hear what this man has to say upon his own work, and first let me observe, by way of parenthesis, that this man, in addition to his proper work—the signalling of trains—is the telegraphic clerk for the neighbourhood. His box is in part a public telegraph office for the vicinity, and all messages to town or from town have to be “wired” by his hand. “Mrs. Jones has lost the train and is coming on by the next.”—“A silk umbrella left on the platform.”—“Have carriage waiting at station for the 2.45 train.”—“Is there a black dog with a white tail left at station? If so send him on by next train.” All such messages and inquiries, and the general telegraphic communication of the neighbourhood pass through the company, as the agent of the Post Office, and this is the telegraphic clerk who has to transmit them between the ten, twelve, or fourteen trains an hour for which he has such abundant leisure.

RENTS IN LONDON.

"RINGING THE CHANGES."

DEATH OF MR. STREET, R.A.—Mr. George Edmund Street, R.A., the distinguished architect, died last Sunday at the comparatively early age of 57. He was suddenly seized with paralysis on the preceding Thursday, and expired in his home, 14, Cavendish-place. Mr. Street was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1829, and educated at the Collegiate School, Cambridge. His architectural studies were begun under Mr. Owen Carter at Winchester, and completed under the late Sir George Gilbert Scott, with whom he remained five years. In London, Mr. Street's reputation will mainly rest upon the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, now approaching completion. He was appointed architect for this gigantic undertaking in 1828, after a competition in which the most famous architects of the day, including Sir Gilbert Scott and Mr. E. M. Barry, took part. Although a great deal still requires to be done before the interior of the building is finished, the outer shell is fairly complete, and the public are at the enjoyment of the imposing effect which the Royal Courts will present as they are approached from the Strand. The French form of Gothic which has been adopted by Mr. Street in these courts is unfamiliar in England, and gives them a character of their own. It is said that Mr. Street should have died when he had just come within sight, so to speak, of the conclusion of this the crowning work of his life.

I gather from a letter addressed to the editor of the *Melbourne Argus*, that Australian Volunteers are either very bad shots, or else that the bullets are not sufficiently extensive to stop the bullets of inexperienced marksmen. Hence it happens that after a Mr. James Phione

VOLUNTEER REGIMENTAL ORDERS

[illegible]

A CHRISTMAS DOLE.

The fifth annual distribution of Christmas beef by Messrs. Spence, Turner, and Boldero, to the poor of the parish of St. Paul, Lisson-grove, took place on Friday evening, in the school-room, Grove-place, Lisson-grove. Four fine bullocks, each weighing over seven-teen cwt., had been bought for the purposes of the charity, by Mr. H. Turner, at the Smithfield market show. The joints, in cuts of three, four, and five pounds, together with numerous packets of mince, were placed on twenty-four tables in the school-room, and at a given signal the hungry recipients, each bearing a card which had been distributed by the clergy and other members of the committee to the deserving poor, were admitted and directed to the particular table indicated, and the whole of the beef amounting to some six hundred pounds was disposed of in less than one hour. A large number of visitors in the neighbourhood of their drapery establishment, on this pleasant evening was passed, the healths of Mr. Turner, and other gentlemen who have identified themselves with this excellent charity, being proposed and cordially responded to.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

On Friday afternoon, at a meeting of the dramatic critics of the principal London papers, the following resolutions were passed: 1. That the condition of many of the London theatres, both in regard to the stage and the auditory, is one of fire and panic is extremely unsatisfactory and unsafe. 2. That the time has come for amending the laws that apply to theatres and places of amusement generally in the United Kingdom; and that it is highly necessary to appoint a Government official, to be held publicly responsible for the safety of theatres and places of amusement, and to be assisted by qualified inspectors. 3. That, pending the introduction of new legislation, and, in the meantime, for the immediate protection of the public, the control, as regards danger from fire, of all theatres and places of amusement should be placed under the direction of the official chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade and his subordinates. 4. That the Lord Chamberlain be invited to assist, as far as lies in his power, in the prevention of danger from fire, or alarm of fire, in theatres.

THE LODGER FRANCHISE APPEALS.

THE LODGER FRANCHISE AFFAIR.

The Lords Justices on Wednesday gave judgment upon the appeal from the decisions of Justices Denman and Bowen in three cases affecting the franchise. Their lordships held that the occupier of unfurnished rooms could not be construed as the occupier of a dwelling-house where the landlord resided on the premises and exercised an immediate control, the inmates in the case being lodgers; but where the landlord let out the whole house, and exercised no control beyond receiving his rent, their lordships held that the tenants were occupiers of dwellings within the meaning of the Act. By this judgment, in which their lordships were unanimous, the decisions of the Queen's Bench Division were reversed on two points, and affirmed in the latter case.

It is understood that pressure has been brought to bear on Sir Frederick Roberts to induce him to accept the appointment of Quartermaster-General of the Army when Sir Garnet Wolseley takes up the Adjutant-Generalship on the 1st of April next, and that it is probable that General Roberts may yet consent to return to England to join the Horse Guards' Staff.

GEVENCEY.

OWING to the success which has attended the sale of this Champagne in a private way since its first introduction into this Country in 1871

MESSRS. JOHN C. HANDS and CO.,

The Sole Importers, have been authorized to offer it to the public at being a fine Wine at a very moderate price.

The principal characteristics of this Wine, apart from the effervescence which has rendered the Wines of Champagne so deservedly famous,

NATURAL DRYNESS, not being made artificially and unpleasantly dry.

LIGHTNESS, being free from the admixture of any deleterious colors and

CLEANNESS, having a most agreeable taste, and not leaving any
astringency on the palate.

FOR DINNERS, DANCES, PICNICS, LAWN TENNIS MEET-
INGS, BACCHIC, &c., is particularly suitable, being agreeable and
refreshing, and an incentive to good eating, without causing any of the
unpleasant after-feelings which so often attend the use of highly-fortified
drinks.

FOR INVALIDS It is also particularly adapted from its lightness and purity, and is invariably recommended by the medical faculty in cases of weakness where a stimulant is required, having the greatest exalting properties, with the least amount of alcohol.

possible exhilarating properties, with the least amount of alcohol.

PRICE.—BOTTLES, 25¢; HALF BOTTLES, 10¢.

PRICE:—BOTTLES, 27s. 6d.; HALF BOTTLES, 14s. 6d.
PER DOZEN.

THE ABOVE PRICES ARE NETT, AND REMITTANCE MUST BE MADE BY BANK OF INDIA.

ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

of the **JOHN C. HANDS and CO.,**
WINE GROWERS' AGENTS.

WINE GROWERS' AGENTS,
1 GRESHAM BUILDINGS,

1, GRESHAM BUILDINGS,
BASINGHALL STREET, E.C.

A PENNSYLVANIA AND WATERLOO VETERAN. — Lieut. Colonel James Oliver Lindham, K.H., died at Rough Down, Bournemouth, on the 24th inst., in his 93rd year. He was formerly an officer of the German Legion which was raised by the British Government during the great war with France in the early part of the present century, and was attached to the 2nd Regiment of Light Infantry. He became a Lieutenant in the army on July 8, 1811, and was placed on half-pay on Feb. 24, 1816, after the conclusion of the war. He received the Peninsular and Waterloo medals for his services in those campaigns, and was decorated with the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND THE MANSION HOUSE FUND.

The Duke of Marlborough has forwarded a copy of the following correspondence, which has passed between his Grace and the Lord Mayor of London with reference to the proposed Fund in Aid of the Property Defence Association in Ireland.

"The Mansion House, London, E.C., Dec. 14, 1881.
"To the Lord Mayor of the County of Oxford.
"My Lord, I trust your lordship will allow me to call your attention to the very influential and important meeting held here yesterday, on the subject of rendering aid to the law-abiding people of Ireland, who are now so much disheartened and distressed by the peculiar phase which disaffection has assumed in that country.
"No doubt, more astute organisers of rebellion against the established Government of the country have arisen than any that have gone before.
"Under their direction and counsel, the bulk of the population have now assumed a passive resistance to the law, and the fulfilment of the most ordinary contracts and obligations.
"By this combination the bonds of society are destroyed, and the very existence of a civilised community in the sister Isle is threatened.
"I enclose your lordship a memorandum of the meeting held here yesterday, and, in accordance with the resolution then passed, I have to ask your lordship's co-operation in this emergency.
"I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's very obedient servant.
"J. WHITTAKER ELLIS, Lord Mayor."

"Blenheim Palace, Dec. 22, 1881.
"My Lord, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's letter, enclosing a copy of the report of the proceedings of a meeting held at the Mansion House, in aid of the Property Defence Association in Ireland, which has already appeared in the public prints, and requesting my co-operation, as Lieutenant for the County of Oxford, with a view to raising by subscription funds in aid of those who are affected by the peculiar phase which disaffection has assumed in that country.
"In deference to your lordship's request I have forwarded your letter to the clerk of the peace of that county, and have requested him to have copies of it sent to the gentlemen acting as magistrates within the county, as well as to arrange for opening a subscription account for those who may desire to contribute.
"But in taking these steps I must be permitted to observe that it is somewhat singular that the Property Defence Association, which has maintained a struggling existence in Ireland for more than twelve months, for effecting the very objects which your lordship so justly considers to be now so important to the safety of society in that country, and through a period in which disaffection was not less rife than it is at present, should only, at this eleventh hour, have attracted the valuable support of the Mansion House, with the incidental approval of the Prime Minister.
"And I must be further allowed, in giving effect to your lordship's wishes, to guard myself from the implication that I place any faith in the expedient of a voluntary agency, however justly it pleads, supplying the forces which are requisite to cope successfully with the state of disaffection and resistance to law, either active or passive, into which the country has been allowed to degenerate.
"I shall feel it right, under the circumstances, to send this letter for publication, I have the honour to be, my lord, your obedient servant.
"The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor."

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, with reference to his speech at Manchester on the 16th inst., asks for the publication of the following copies of telegrams addressed by the Prime Minister to the Lord Mayor on the subject of the Mansion House Fund for the Defence of Property in Ireland:

(1.) MR. GLADSTONE TO LORD MAYOR.
December 6, 1881.
Your lordship's received. My first impression is that the reasons which prevent our participating in any possible, in this case, prevent our advising; but I will write to Ireland and ask that you may hear of Thursday.

(2.) MR. GLADSTONE TO LORD MAYOR.
December 8, 1881.
Irish Government concurs with me in my first impression. We believe the association to be a justifiable movement; but advice from us to English aid involves many other considerations, and would, we think, be more likely to do harm than good. Your lordship will probably treat this as confidential.

(3.) MR. GLADSTONE TO LORD MAYOR.
December 13, 1881, 9.30 a.m.
I have not the terms of my last communication before me, but you are free to quote it if needful, or to mention that I told your lordship that your decision either way would not embarrass the action of the Government.

(4.) MR. GLADSTONE TO LORD MAYOR.
December 13, 1881, 11.30 a.m.
I have seen the telegram. Your lordship is at perfect liberty to quote it if you wish to do so.

THE CHURCH AND EMIGRATION.

We have received for publication the following letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury:

My reverend brethren and my brethren of the laity, I am anxious to direct attention, from a Christian point of view, to the vast movement of people which has for some years been going on between Europe and the British colonies, and especially to the emigration to America. Official returns show that, during the first nine months of the present year, 313,716 emigrants left the ports of Great Britain, nearly 200,000 of whom were British subjects. The destination of more than 138,000 of these emigrants was North America. It has been proposed that a systematic endeavour should be made to establish more direct communication than at present commonly exists between the Church at home and the Church in our colonies and in America, with a view to the Christian welfare of the vast population which is continually passing westward from our shores. The proposal is in accordance with the recommendations adopted by the Lambeth conference of 1878. It has obtained the hearty consent of many of the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Communion in our colonies and in the United States, and I am anxious to commend it to the notice of the parochial clergy of England. The scheme, which is still in its infancy, is at present under the management of a joint committee appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Its objects, in outline, are as follows:—(a) To supply the parochial clergy of England with accurate information respecting the various fields for religious and educational advantages which they severally possess. (b) To publish, in a cheap form, a series of simple hand-books for the use of emigrants to our different colonies and to the United States, containing, together with other intelligence, correct information as to the clergy, churches, Sunday and day schools, &c., in the various places in which emigrants are now settling. (c) To make such arrangements as may be found possible for the due care of emigrants from England on their arrival in our colonies and in the United States. This would include the provision of commendatory letters from the parochial clergy in England to the clergy in whose neighbourhoods respecting the scheme can be obtained on application to the Rev. J. L. Rogers, emigrants' chaplain, St. Nicholas Church, Liverpool, to whom all communications on the subject should be addressed. It is, I think, impossible to exaggerate the importance of this subject, and I therefore commend it to the earnest and prayerful attention of my brethren the parochial clergy of England, and the laity of our Church. I remain, your faithful brother and servant, A. C. CANTUAR. Lambeth Palace, Dec. 20th, 1881.

Lord Bolton, who is a large landowner in North Hants, has just returned 10 per cent. to the tithe-payers on his estate. His lordship has also remitted 10 per cent. to his tenants on the next half-year's rentals.

THE IMPRISONED BRIBERS.

The memorial asking for the remission of the remainder of the sentences passed upon the imprisoned bribers was delivered at the Home Office on Friday morning by Mr. Mowll and Mr. J. D. Mills (members of the general committee), and Mr. Reay-Mackay (secretary), together with the following letter addressed to the Home Secretary:

"Sir, We have the honour to submit for your merciful consideration the accompanying Memorial and Petition praying for the remission of the late sentences for bribery passed on John Frederick Mair, William Mair, James Barber Edwards, Samuel Olds, Benjamin Wood, Makina, Ren, Spears, Porter, and Mackie, now lying in the respective gaols of Chester and Canterbury, and undergoing various terms of imprisonment. The subjoined analysis shows that the memorial is thoroughly representative, proceeding as it does from nearly all the principal towns and districts throughout England and Wales:—

ANALYSIS.	
Members of the House of Lords	22
Members of the House of Commons	25
Bishops	14
Clergymen	14
Justices of the Peace	1,005
Magistrates and Ex-Magistrates	162
Members of Public Bodies	2,083
Professors	4,623
Solicitors (including solicitors in separate petition)	2,507
Traders and others	39,816
Total signatures	62,411

The time at our command has not enabled us to give as full publicity as we could have desired to the objects we have had in view, but we would add that we have received a very large number of letters, all expressive of concurrence with the memorial, and had time permitted and occasion served, an unlimited number of signatures might have been obtained. You will observe from the memorial that they proceed on a sincere condemnation of the offence of bribery; we do not therefore attempt, in any way whatever to excuse or palliate the offence for which the sentences were passed, and we desire to point out that their effect will be a full and complete effect for the future, which could not be made more effectual if the whole of the terms of punishment were endured. The law having been vindicated, and the example made, the prayer of the petition is, that mercy may be allowed to prevail, and that you will feel it to be consistent with your official duty to advise her Most Gracious Majesty to exercise her royal prerogative of pardon."

GUTEAU.

Guteau on Sunday permitted a plaster cast to be made of his head, his beard being clean shaven. At first he opposed this, but a little judicious flattery made him tractable. His appearance was entirely changed by the shaving, showing that the lower part of his face was decidedly better than the upper. His jaws are massive, and the chin firm and square.

At the trial on Wednesday the prisoner appeared in good spirits. Dr. Hamilton took his stand in the witness-box for cross-examination. Mr. Scoville moved that all the other experts should be excluded. Judge Cox said that it was not the practice to exclude experts. Mr. Scoville argued strongly for their exclusion. Guteau interrupted: "Please state your side of the case, Scoville, and let the other side state theirs. Do not undertake to argue on both sides. This is a silly kind of speech to make anyway." Mr. Davidge, for the prosecution, opposed the request. "It will cut this short, Judge, by saying that I am perfectly willing to have them here. I want them to learn all they can. I have so much confidence in their honour and integrity that—"

Here Mr. Davidge interposed: "That is precisely what I am coming to." Guteau said:

"You are on the Right Track."

Judge. I will take you on my side. You are engaged for my side of this case. The motion was then overruled. Dr. Hamilton was cross-examined at great length about the operations of the mind, dreams, inspiration, &c. Finally, when Mr. Davidge objected, Guteau said: "That is right, Judge. You defend my case." To further questions Mr. Davidge again objected, protesting against the objectless direction of the inquiries. Scoville smilingly said: "Well, gentlemen, I told you that I did not know much about that subject." Guteau shouted, "Then, you had better get off the case if you do not know anything about it." I think Reed and I can do better than you, judging by the way you are labouring." Then, looking over Mr. Scoville's handful of notes, Guteau continued: "You have got a lot of stuff there. It is not in your handwriting. I guess it must have been contributed by some crank." The questioning was then proceeded with, and at times Guteau loudly expressed his dissatisfaction. He cried, "Oh, tear that stuff up, Scoville. Send this man down and call Clark Mills. He is a good deal better man for you than this one. He took a bust of my head the other day, thinking that some people would be interested to see it. He took a bust of Andrew Jackson, and he thinks that I am."

A Greater Man than Jackson

was. He found one side of my head badly deficient, though." Guteau rattled on longly about his inspiration, &c., and nobody tried to stop him. Ultimately exhausting himself, he subsided, busying himself with the newspaper. Mr. Scoville then concluded his cross-examination. To questions put to him by Mr. Davidge, Dr. Hamilton said that there were many insane people—medically insane—who appreciate the difference between right and wrong. The system of rewards and punishments adopted in all asylums shows this. Guteau displayed much impudence on Thursday while the experts were giving evidence as to his sanity. He declared that experts had hanged more men than the doctors had killed, and he then excitedly shouted that the doctors had killed President Garfield, completing what his shot began, because God intended that the President should go, and he did not die before his time. The prisoner became

Quite Ferocious

when Mr. Shaw, who had previously testified that Guteau declared to him his intention of imitating Wilkes Booth, was recalled. He pronounced him "the most extraordinary liar of the age." The defence sought to show that witness had once been guilty of perjury, but Mr. Shaw testified that although he had been accused of the offence named he had been acquitted by the jury.

In the course of the trial on Thursday, Guteau declared that Mr. Scoville was prejudicing his defence, and proposed that Mr. Charles H. Reed should assume the conduct of the case. The Court agreed, and accepted the latter as associate counsel. Guteau stated that if justice was refused him

God would Interpose

to remove one of the jurors to save his life. Expert testimony was useless, as nobody could tell what was on his mind on July 2nd. Whether he was insane before or after had nothing to do with the case. He added, "I don't pretend I am insane now, but on July 2nd and for thirty days prior to that date I was insane. There I was my case." Mr. Shaw's clerk testified that he overheard the conversation when Guteau said he would one day kill some big man as Booth did. Mr. Shaw having stated that nobody was present when the conversation occurred, the witness explained that his employer was not to get excited when under examination.

The report that some insurance speculators in Pennsylvania had endeavoured to obtain a policy of 100,000 dollars on Guteau's life is believed to be a hoax.

STARVING DOGS.—A painful case was investigated on Thursday by the magistrates of Droxford, Hants. The daughter of the late General Brown was summoned for cruelty to seven dogs by neglecting to provide them with sufficient nourishment. She was in distressed circumstances and of eccentric habits, but had eight dogs; one had died from starvation, and the others were fearfully emaciated, their bones protruding through their skins. They had only had, it was alleged, 4lb. of rice amongst them in a month. The defendant would not have them destroyed, though they were being gradually starved. She was fined 42s and costs.

It is understood that Lord Salisbury will lay the foundation-stone of the new Conservative Club, to be erected in Dale-street, Liverpool, probably in the third week of February, and, as at present arranged, during his visit to Liverpool will be the guest of the Earl and Countess of Lathom.

THE WIMBLEDON MYSTERY.

At Hammersmith Police-court on Monday, by an arrangement made by Mr. Partridge, Mr. Mills, the solicitor defending Dr. Lamson, who is under remand on a charge of administering poison to his brother-in-law, Percy Malcolm John, at Wimbledon, waited upon Mr. Paget for a copy of the depositions. Mr. Paget said he thought the prisoner was not entitled to a copy until the depositions were completed. Mr. Mills explained there was to be a consultation with Mr. Montagu Williams, who was retained to conduct the defence, but that without the depositions they did not know what the case was. Mr. Paget said every possible means were given for copies of the depositions to be taken, as the case was heard in open court. The first day the prisoner took notes, and the next day Mr. Gladstone, the barrister, applied to him, and took extracts of everything which to him seemed material. Mr. Mills observed that in other courts he never had a difficulty. In a case like the one in question he hoped the magistrate would strain a point. The clerk informed the magistrate that it was the practice to grant copies of depositions in minor cases, and the usher stated that Mr. Partridge had given instructions for a copy to be made pending the application. Mr. Paget said that being so, he saw no reason why Mr. Mills should not have a copy of the depositions. He granted the application.

The Inquest.

The coroner's jury attended at the Drill Hall, Wimbledon, on Tuesday, with the view of resuming the inquiry as to the death of Percy Malcolm John. Mr. St. John Wontner, solicitor, was present by direction of the Public Prosecutor to watch the proceedings on behalf of the authorities. Mr. A. W. Mills, solicitor, appeared for Mr. Lamson, who is in custody on the charge of murdering the deceased, and Mr. Summerhays, on behalf of Mr. W. H. Bedbrook, the principal of Blenheim House School. Mr. Superintendent Digby, of the V Division, and Mr. Inspector Butcher, of the Criminal Investigation Department, were also present. A large number of witnesses were in attendance. The coroner (Mr. G. H. Hull), on his arrival, informed the jury that, having received from the analyst a request for further time, he on Monday telegraphed to Inspector Butcher, the officer in charge of the adjournment would be necessary. Unfortunately, as the inspector was out of town, he did not receive the telegram in time to warn the witnesses that they would not be wanted to-day. The witness, Mr. John, deceased, it is quite impossible to finish analysis for Tuesday next. I am making application for licence to experiment on animals; absolutely necessary to do so. There ought to be an adjournment for a fortnight, if we (I and Dupré, whom I have specially asked to be with me) are to finish before giving evidence. —Yours truly, THOMAS STEVENSON.

The coroner desired to make, but without his evidence he did not see that they could do anything, and they might just as well adjourn until a time when they could take all the evidence. —Mr. Wontner: I appear on behalf of the police, instructed by the Public Prosecutor, I am prosecuting a person named Lamson at Wandsworth Police-court if you like. —Mr. Wontner: I think I heard sufficient. —The Coroner: It is no use going on in the face of that letter. —Mr. Wontner: The inquiries by the police are anything but complete, and will certainly take ten days or a fortnight longer. Probably the convenience of all parties will be furthered by adjournment. The Coroner: Shall we give the analysts more than fourteen days to be taken taken up? The evidence will be in process of being taken up. —The Coroner: Of course there will be two inquiries going on at the same time. It is no use going into any evidence here to-day, because the most important testimony will be that of Messrs. Stevenson and Dupré, who say that they can give us nothing for fourteen days at least. We had better therefore adjourn for a little over a fortnight, and then we shall probably be able to complete our inquiry next time. —Mr. Wontner: I cannot hold much hope of finishing in one sitting. —The Coroner: Oh, I think we might if we began early. —Mr. Wontner: There will be the matter, and I am afraid if you are going fully into the matter, and I am afraid if you could hardly get Mr. Lamson, and I think an adjournment for fourteen days is sufficient. —The Coroner: It would be useless to adjourn for only fourteen days if we should not then be able to complete the case. It would be better to adjourn to a day when we are sure all the evidence will be ready. I should think we will be able to get through the case in one sitting; but if not we can adjourn from day to day. —A Jurymen: There are witnesses in attendance to-day who may probably not be in the neighbourhood this day fortnight. —The Coroner: They will have to be. —It was then agreed to further adjourn the inquest until Tuesday, Jan. 9.

Mr. George Henry Lamson, who stands charged with having caused the death of Percy Malcolm John, at Wimbledon, by the administration of poison, was again brought up before Mr. Paget. The prosecution on behalf of the Treasury was conducted by Mr. St. John Wontner; and Mr. Montagu Williams, with Mr. Gladstone, were retained for the defence. Mr. Reddell, examined by Mr. Wontner, said: I live in Morton-road, Wimbledon. On the evening of Saturday, the 3rd December, I was a visitor to Mr. Bedbrook, the 3rd December, I was a visitor to Mr. Bedbrook, arrived at about half-past eight, and about a quarter of nine o'clock I saw the deceased. The evidence of Mr. Berry, taken on the last occasion, was then read over the symptoms exhibited by the deceased. I agree with the magistrate. —Examination continued: I agree with Mr. Berry as to the condition of the deceased upon my going into the room, and as to what occurred until death. I attended the post-mortem, and I agree with Mr. Berry as to the results. —The evidence given by Mr. Bond in reference to the post-mortem examination was then read, and the witness expressed his concurrence in the evidence. —In cross-examination by Mr. Montagu Williams, he said: I have had no experience of poisoning, but have my opinion upon the general information I have derived from works on the subject. —Mr. Williams: Mr. Dodd, examined, said: I am an assistant to Messrs. Allen and Hanbury, chemists, at Plough-court, Lombard-street. I collect the prisoner coming, entering the shop about a month ago. He came to me, and I supplied him with a piece of paper upon which he wrote what he required. "Aconita, two grains." —G. H. LAMSON, Bournemouth. I referred to the Medical Directory and found an entry of the name there, and then I weighed up

The Aconita.

It is our custom for two persons to take part in the weighing up of poisons, so I called Mr. Betts, another assistant, to witness the weight, and he did so. After weighing the aconita, I put it in white paper. It is usual to put up poisons in bottles. I suggested to Dr. Lamson that he should have it in a bottle, and he said, "I do not require it in a bottle." I put in two papers. On the inner paper I wrote "Aconita poison." The name of the firm was on it. After covering it with paper I gave it to Dr. Lamson, and he gave me 2s. 6d. for it, which was the wholesale price. The retail price is 2s. per grain. No entry was made in the book of the sale, but an entry of the price received. —Mr. Williams, through Mr. Paget: Have you any entry in any book which you can pledge yourself to relate to this particular transaction? —Witness: I have not. —After hearing some further evidence, the examination was adjourned.

SAD OCCURRENCE.—On Thursday, Dr. Thomas, coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquiry at No. 2, Grove-end-road, St. John's-wood, the residence of Mr. Walter A. Attenborough, barrister-at-law, as to the death of Mary Attenborough, aged three years and a half, the daughter of that gentleman. The evidence showed that on Monday last the deceased, while riding with her mother in a brougham, got off her seat and stood with her back against the door. In a short time the door flew open, when the child fell backwards into the road and sustained a fracture of the skull, from which she died five hours after. The jury inspected the carriage and found that the fastenings were perfect, but the door having a handle inside, it was believed that the deceased must have touched it, and so caused the door to fly open. —A verdict of Accidental death was recorded.

THE MISSING BALLOON.

A Weymouth correspondent telegraphed on Wednesday:—"A thermometer in a broken state, and which is believed was in the missing balloon, was picked up by some boys last evening, and is now in the possession of the collector of Customs at Weymouth. The thermometer is broken, there being only about two inches of the tube left, but what is most important is the name of the maker of the mahogany framework, which is 'L. Casella, London.' The thermometer is not like those ordinarily used, and appears to have been fastened by two hooks for the purpose of taking indications of the air. The only figure on the tube is '100.' The thermometer in question had an extremely long mercurial bulb for taking the most accurate indications of the atmosphere while passing through a cloud. The instrument was supplied to Captain Templer about six weeks ago, and is similar to those which are used by the Meteorological Department." A later telegram from Weymouth states:—"When Captain Templer received a description of the broken thermometer he identified it as the one belonging to the balloon, saying the maker of it executed an order for sixteen of them a short time since. Mr. Powell's brother and sister arrived at Weymouth on Wednesday afternoon, and identified the instrument, and when they ascertained that it really came from the balloon active operations were immediately commenced to make a further search. A number of fishing-boats were engaged, and will start at daylight on Thursday to make an examination of every inlet, crevice, rock, and cove at the back of Portland."

A Bridport correspondent says:—"The chief officer of the Coastguard says the thermometer will be passed along the coast by the men on duty. Captain Templer believes it to be the one used in the balloon. All in the district where the accident occurred know well that Capt. Templer and Mr. Gardner did not jump out of the balloon, and condemn the attacks on Captain Templer as cowardly. I had an interview with Captain Templer this afternoon. He says that while the search is continued here he will not return to town, and will take no notice now of the many incorrect statements published, but he is quite ready to meet any official inquiry which may be made."

The instrument was contained in a bag, but whether it was thrown out to lighten the balloon is not known. The Commodore steam tug has been ordered to proceed this morning to scour the West Bay for the balloon. In pursuance of arrangements made on Wednesday night by Messrs. Cosens and Co. with a Portland fishing company, three Seine boats were launched early on Thursday morning, with crews of 21 men, to search for further traces of the balloon. One of the boats started from the east side, and will closely search the whole of the coast of the island, while the other two boats are carrying out dragging operations in the West Bay, of Milton Cove.

Thursday's search for the missing balloon Saladin, off the coast of Portland, proved to be totally without result.

A Bridport correspondent telegraphs that Captain Templer on Friday evening received a telegram from Mr. Fowler of Weymouth, stating that a brush and comb have been picked up there. Captain Templer states that a brush and comb was with the kit in the car, and he has sent to Weymouth for it in order to identify it.

DIVORCE CASES.

The following cases were before Sir James Hannen on Wednesday:

AGAR-ELLIS v. AGAR-ELLIS.—In this suit, which is one brought by the wife for a judicial separation and which has not yet come on for hearing, a motion having reference to the custody of, and access to, the children of the marriage, was made previously to the rising of the Court for the long vacation. His lordship on that motion made an order allowing the Hon. Mrs. Agar-Ellis to visit her children during some hours daily, while they were out of school on their holidays. —Mr. Searle, for the petitioner, applied to his lordship to extend that order to the coming Christmas vacation. —Mr. Bayford, for the respondent, opposed the application. It was only on the previous evening that notice of the application was given to his side; but he had an affidavit which alleged that from a statement made by one of the children there was good reason to believe that Mrs. Agar-Ellis, who was a Roman Catholic, had violated a condition on which the Court gave her access to them. The child stated that Mrs. Agar-Ellis had insisted on discussing religious subjects with her. —Mr. Searle said that at present he had no affidavit in answer to that relied on by Mr. Bayford. —The president said that as the notice of this application had been so short, and as a *prima facie* case had been made on affidavit against the application, he must direct that the matter stand over till the 11th January, which would be the first day of the next sittings.

POOLEY v. POOLEY.—This was a suit in which Mrs. Mary Pooley sought a divorce from her husband, J. C. Pooley, on the ground of his adultery and cruelty. The parties were married in 1862, the husband being at that time about 23, and the wife 22 years of age. They lived in Cheshire. There were six children of the marriage. The evidence for the petitioner showed that the respondent contracted habits of intemperance in 1873, and in that and subsequent years was guilty of personal violence towards her; that in 1875 an action for seduction and breach of promise of marriage was brought against him by a young woman; that in conversation with a solicitor he denied the seduction, but admitted adultery, and afterwards paid a sum of money to compromise the action. In 1876 he went to New Zealand, and his whereabouts at present is not known. —The Court pronounced a decree nisi, with costs.

CETEWAYO AND THE CRUCIFIX.

A correspondent at Capetown, writing on November 22nd says:—"The Zulus at Oudi-Molen are very intelligent, the ex-King, however, being far in advance of the others, and all are most eager to learn. Reading and writing are their hardest task, owing probably to their very slight knowledge of our language. The interpreter instructs them in the evenings. Miss de Smith and other ladies are also helping to enlighten them, the result being that the Zulu women can now sew and do knitting well. A Roman Catholic priest has presented Cetewayo with a crucifix."

MONEY MARKET.

CITY, Saturday Afternoon.
The Stock Exchange is closed today, and there are therefore no transactions to notice in stocks or shares. Money is very firm with a scanty supply offering. Bills having three months to run are charged 4½ to 4¾, and day-to-day loans are quoted at 4½ to 5 per cent.

A special representative meeting of the operative spinners of Blackburn was held on Wednesday, to receive the report of a deputation who waited upon the Masters' Committee last week to apply for an advance of wages for the operatives engaged in spinning coarse yarns. It was unanimously resolved that as the masters refused to grant any advance upon the standard list, a meeting of representatives of all the districts in South and North Lancashire be convened to decide upon action to secure the same rate of wages for the operatives in those districts as are paid in Bolton, Oldham, Hyde, Ashton, and Stockport.

SIR S. NORTHGOTE. On Tuesday afternoon, at a meeting convened at Exeter for the purpose of considering the condition of Ireland and the position of those ladies impoverished by the results of the land agitation, Sir S. Northgote pointed out that much of the evil now distressing Ireland was not of native growth but of foreign importation, and said that it was difficult to avoid matters of controversy while discussing the condition of that country. On such an occasion he felt that he must divest himself of party feeling, while reserving the right of speaking freely of those charged with the responsibility of governing Ireland. Sir Stafford then went on to give instances showing the great need for the existence of the fund for distressed Irish ladies and to propose a resolution expressive of sympathy with the object of the fund.

OMNIBUS.

The World informs me that "the human machine, known as a leader-writer, is bound to produce on Christmas morning a discourse appropriate to the season," and avers that everybody knows it. But how, when Christmas morning falls, as it does this year, on a Sunday? The generalisation is, obviously, a trifle too broad.

But the writer is correct enough in his classification of Christmas leaders under the headings of cynical or sentimental. Speaking for myself, I do not know whether I am more mortally sick of the Gusher or the Growler.

Talking of gushers, it is hardly correct to describe Mr. J. M. Levy as a "theatrical bill-printer" at the time he first became connected with the *Daily Telegraph*, as Mr. Hatton does in his "Journalistic London."

Nor was he at that time nor any other the proprietor of the weekly paper which Mr. Hatton says is "at the present day a thriving and prosperous journal." He was merely a member of the firm which printed it, and Mr. E. Levy Lawson supplied it with provincial theatrical intelligence.

Then we are told that "Mr. Moncreu D. Conway has succeeded Barnett." Well, so he has, but not without a long interregnum, during which the proprietor retained the editorship in his own hands.

Mr. Levy's office was not the only printing establishment at which Colonel Sleigh ran up a printing bill. The first printers of the *D. T.* were Messrs. Aird and Tunstall, who seized the type-forms for arrears due to them for printing the first numbers.

One more newspaper note, and I have done. Mr. Hatton surely does not seriously mean to tell us that Dr. W. H. Russell left the *Times* and joined the *Telegraph* at the outbreak of the Zulu war? Mr. Hatton, I know, will not take amiss these few corrections of his very interesting paper in "Harper."

Dr. Haines, an American physician, calls attention to the danger of reading books from circulating libraries. His colleagues in Missouri agree with him that the greatest number of fresh cases during an epidemic of spotted typhus fever were among subscribers to lending libraries.

In an epidemic of small-pox at Little Rock, he also observed the same fact, and came to the conclusion that there is no better way of spreading infection than by passing books round from hand to hand among some hundreds of people who know nothing about each other.

Minos and Rhadamanthus preside at other courts besides our own in election matters. A tailor at Regensburg has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and loss of civil rights for five years, for personating another voter at an election.

An immense fossil skeleton of apparently an unknown extinct mammal, has lately been found at Algeiras, near Gibraltar. It is reported to belong to the same genus as the mammoth, which inhabited the whole European and Asiatic continent, down to what geology considers a very late, but archæology a very early, period.

I have received a letter from a working man, complaining that the baker annexes all the dripping from the joints sent to him to be baked on Sunday mornings. Some of the master-bakers, it seems, make a rule of abstracting the fat from all the Sunday platters, and using it themselves for making cakes.

My correspondent thinks it high time that the practice should be put a stop to. So do I. If, as he remarks, a penny loaf were stolen from the baker, the baker would at once be down on the miserable sinner. But when the sleek master-baker steals the miserable sinner's pennyworth or more of suet or dripping, the injured one is not in a position to return the compliment.

Mrs. Langtry, I hear, has decided to join the Haymarket Company. That she has the makings of a capital actress I have no doubt, but I do not suppose that she is attracted to the stage by any specially artistic impulses. And, short of the passion for acting which some few of the highest artists have found uncontrollable, I am prejudiced enough not to like the notion of the Jersey Lily, the daughter of a dean, on the boards as a professional. It seems to me, as an omnibus driver—stooping rather too low to conquer.

Agricultural distress in Manitoba, according to the Marquis of Lorne, takes a somewhat unexpected form, but is none the less severe. The farmers want wives. Surely this is a grievance which the mother-country can easily remedy. There is no prohibitive duty levied on eligible young women, but, as a resident points out, fine young ladies who know nothing of farm-housekeeping are not eligible.

Mr. John Dunn asserts that the release of Catway would be a breach of good faith with himself. The country was given to him by the Government on certain conditions, which he has observed, and he expects the Government to observe them also. This is all very well, but how about the breach of faith with the loyal Transvaal—with the loyal Transvaalers—with the loyal Irishmen?

Two blacks—one from Basutoland, and the other from the Transvaal—do not make a white—say John Dunn himself, but I own that a breach of what Mr. John Dunn calls faith in this case would not greatly disconcert me.

Opera-house by telephone is likely to be as popular in London as it has been in Paris. The audience at the Bristol Hotel, Burlington-gardens, on Wednesday were delighted with the scraps of music they were able to pick up. But hearing without seeing must be horribly tantalizing for more than a few minutes at a time.

That Borneo business is smouldering. The Spanish Foreign Minister says that negotiations on the subject between Spain and Great Britain are pending, with regard to which he could offer no information to the Chamber, but, he added, no Power possesses rights superior to those of Spain on the northern coasts of Borneo. Unfortunately it is over these northern coasts that the Crown of England has granted sovereign rights to a trading company.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER
WORKING MEN'S CONSTITUTIONAL
ASSOCIATION.

At the annual dinner of the St. James's branch of the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association on Monday, Mr. J. Anderson Rose in proposing "The health of our members and the Conservative cause in Westminster," observed that he had been surprised to find many persons doubting whether there could be such a thing as a Conservative working man; as for his part, he could not understand how there could be a working man who was not a Conservative. There could be no antagonism between the working man and Conservatism, any more than there could be between capital and labour. (Hear, hear.) He regretted to say that under the present Government the prestige of England had so declined in consequence of the insults we had sustained in various quarters of the globe that our interests were being assailed almost openly at many points. Thus the French had taken Tunis and Bizerta, Malta was cut in two, our road to India was threatened, and there was an attempt on the part of America to throw the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and dominion over the traffic of the Panama Canal. The truth was that the human race mostly followed leaders that were worthy of it, and when it ceased to do so, he was not surprised at events happening such as they had lately had occasion to witness. And things were not more satisfactory at home. There was not one department of the public service that was in a satisfactory state. Let them look at Sir William Harcourt, for example. He considered him one of the most gaseous Home Secretaries that had ever disgraced the country. Let them look, too, at Mr. Childers and his department. He thought the Conservative leaders in Parliament had been too tame in dealing with such men, and he rejoiced that Lord Salisbury had come to the front and placed them in their true light before the country. He entirely differed from the Government in their view as to the principles upon which wars should be entered into. He was not for defensive wars. The really successful wars were wars of attack. Hannibal invaded Italy from Spain. With a Roman army hanging on his flank, he crossed the Rhine, he crossed the Alps, and he entered Italy, remaining in the country for fifteen years without ever losing a battle; and he would have won more had there not been Gladiators and Britons among the Carthaginians who persuaded their countrymen to withhold supplies from him. (Laughter.) He denied the assertion of Mr. Bright that England had fought to put Ferdinand VII. and Louis XVIII. on their thrones. England had fought for liberty. The Government had abdicated, and resigned, and the result was that a Committee of Public Safety was assembled in the city of London to do the work of a Government. The members of the Committee were men who had been ever seen in their time. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Under the auspices of that Government a socialistic land law had been passed for Ireland, and that law was being worked, not by judges, but by a revolutionary tribunal. As regarded free trade, he was a free trader, but his free trade was that of Adam Smith, of Ricardo, and of John Stuart Mill—not the one-sided free trade which the present Government was upholding, under which English trade was suffering grievous hardships. (Cheers.) He would proclaim it as his last word to them, that the best thing they could do for palace, throne, and cottage, for aristocracy, for commerce, for manufactures, for agriculture, for all, was to oust the present Government and replace it by one of Conservative principles, that would not be unwilling to reform, but would refuse to destroy. (Cheers.)

The toast was cordially drunk, and replied to by Mr. Dowdes, who insisted on the necessity of maintaining the union between Church and State.

MONEY FOR SOLDIERS' NEXT OF KIN.

Mr. Edward Preston writes:—"During the year now on the wane, many pages of the *London Gazette* have been filled with the names and descriptions of soldiers who have died in the service of the State, leaving money to which their next of kin are entitled. I venture to send you a note of the larger amounts, with the hope that some of your readers may thus come in for a handsome Christmas-box:—

Corporal Henry Barrett, 2nd Brigade R.A.	£192 9 0
Sergeant George E. Dove, 2nd Brigade R.A.	133 9 0
Paymaster-Sergeant James Dundas, 1st Battalion, 15th Regiment	199 4 4
Sergeant John Dwyer, 2nd Regiment	129 12 5
Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry, E. Green, 2nd Battalion 22nd	116 6 2
Sergeant David Hamilton, 41st Company, R.E.	191 10 7
Private Thomas Holland, 2nd Battalion, 1st Regiment	161 0 5
General William Henry, 2nd Brigade, R.A.	131 1 9
Private William Jones, 5th Hussars	148 7 0
Brigade Sergeant-Major T. McFarlane, 2nd Brigade R.A.	112 11 11
Private John McKendrick, 2nd Regiment	142 7 4
Private J. McKenna, 2nd Battalion, 24th Regiment	122 10 1
Corporal W. Morgan, R.E. Brigade R.H.A.	125 0 5
Acting-Sergeant Joseph Parker, 2nd Battalion, 1st Regiment	264 11 4
Private Frederick Peck, 2nd Regiment	112 11 11
Private William Thomas, 4th Regiment	521 9 0
Private W. A. Thomas, 7th Regiment	143 13 8
Colonel-Sergeant John Yale, 2nd Regiment	122 11 9

The scant publicity at present given to soldiers' unclaimed balances, has been estimated to result in a "Crown windfall" of about £4,000 a year. I may add, that between 1869 and 1876, the "Army Prize Money," with accumulated interest amounted to £1,890,451 6s. 6d., of which only £1,122,999 9s. 2d. was paid to claimants; the residue, some three-quarters of a million sterling (after setting apart £75,000 to meet anticipated claims), having been expended on Chelsea Hospital and Grounds, &c."

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN CLERKENWELL.

On Monday, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, William Staines, aged 26, a seaman, giving no address, was charged with attempting to murder Thomas Smith, a gold and silver smith, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a bullet having lodged in the upper part of the jaw, near the nose. The bullet has been extracted, and the man's life is not in danger. Inspector Bowles stated that at about a quarter to eleven on Saturday night the prisoner came to the King's-cross Police-station, and said "I wish to give myself up for shooting my brother-in-law on Friday evening." He was cautioned that anything he said might be used in evidence against him, and he replied, "I know that," and handed a six-chambered revolver to him. The inspector, adding, "This is the revolver I shot him with. I have drawn the article." Inspector Peel, of the Criminal Investigation Department, asked the prisoner if he had more than one shot, and Staines replied, "I fired the first one." On the statement being read over to him, the prisoner said, "That's quite right." Inspector Peel asked that on accompanying the prisoner to the cell with Inspector Bowles, Staines made further statements, as follows:—"He (referring to his brother-in-law) was a coward. He ought to have made a good fight for it, like Mr. Gold had with Jeffery; I meant to have shot him in the forehead, and I have told him I should do it. He could have got away when I missed the first time." The injured man traded under the name of Thomas Smith, but his right name was Jesse Sly. After the prisoner had made his statement he signed his name to it. The doctor who attended Sly was not present, but it was understood that Sly's life was saved by the bullet lodging in a metal plate attached to a set of artificial teeth he had in his mouth. The prisoner, on being asked if he had any question to ask of the witness, said, in a firm voice, "No." Inspector Peel said there was no one present who saw the shot fired, but a man who lived in the same house heard them fired. Sly would probably not be able to give evidence for a fortnight. The prisoner was remanded.

Sir William Payne Gallwey, who represented Thirsk in Parliament from 1851 to 1880, died on Monday, at his residence, Thirsk-park, near Thirsk, in his 74th year. He met with an accident on Thursday last while out shooting. While crossing a field, he fell, sustaining severe internal injuries, from the effects of which he gradually sank. Sir William was a Conservative in politics. He is succeeded in the title by his son, Ralph William, born in 1853, formerly a lieutenant in the 14th Foot.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF TRUE POLITICAL
ECONOMY.

(TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE.")

SIR,—It is surely the highest time, in the presence of recognised and alarming facts, that the first principles of sound political economy should be inquired into afresh. The Englishman, I feel, will be inclined to say:—We cannot always be digging into the roots of things. We assume the being of a God and the existence of moral responsibility, however certain philosophers and materialists may talk to the contrary, for we cannot get on without them, just as we are convinced of the existence of the visible world, though it may be considered hard to disprove Bishop Berkeley's hypothesis that the material universe is a delusion, and that the only certainty is the existence of mind or self. We cannot be argued out of the philosophy of free trade or free exchange, as between persons and communities.

A series of clever and brilliant writers, supposed to be peculiarly enlightened, have for the last century-and-a-half been setting forth the extraordinary advantages of free trade, and the right of every individual to do what he likes with his own for the sake of gain. The gain of the individual has been assumed to be the gain of the community, and practical wisdom has been supposed to be summed up in the popular saying that every man has the right to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, and will act sensibly in so doing.

To dispute the correctness of first principles advocated by Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Say, Bastiat, and almost countless writers, is naturally considered audacious on the part of any man, and although it is freely admitted that many eminent political economists in the past have taken an opposite view, and considered it the first duty of states to develop their own active powers and energy, yet it has been the fashion of late years to regard this as an exploded fallacy, so that most Englishmen of the educated classes who have been bred in the free trade faith are disposed to ask when they encounter protectionist arguments and arguments, shall we go back from Copernicus and Galileo to Tycho Brahe or Ptolemy? Is nothing to be learnt from the researches and conclusions of superior minds for the last century?

Now, the first answer to all this is the tremendous fact that every civilised country in the world is a protected country, save Britain, in particular the greatest and most thriving nations. Surely this indisputable fact brings with it a serious call for the reconsideration of the whole question, and I trust every sensible reader will own as much.

Free trade, then, let it be first stated, cannot be one-sided in its true sense. It must imply or involve a right to sell as well as to buy, for in the natural course of things, whoever buys largely and fails to sell must find himself sooner or later, in a most unpleasant predicament. True free trade is strictly fair trade. To imagine that any country can profit by a system which encourages and develops expenditure, without any corresponding increase of the national resources, is plainly an extreme abuse of the research of money cheats to the advantage of the buyer.

But this consideration alone does not explain the fact that all the great countries of the world, save ours, and almost all our colonies are protectionist on principle. Surely it is unreasonable to take for granted that all these people and communities are blind to their own interests and unable to see (as free traders tell us) that two and two make four. Since prosperity, as a matter of fact, waits upon a protection in the United States of America, Canada, Australia, France, and various other countries, we scarcely seem likely to convert the inhabitants of these lands to our free trade notions by shrugging our shoulders mentally at their expense and pitying their blindness. Is it not possible (whether it be probable or no) that we and our favourite teachers have made some great mistake in our theories; have forgotten some first principle, which lies at the root of national well-being?

And, first, is it not altogether a mistake to begin by considering the interests of exchange or trade, as these writers have done? Is not the first and most essential business of every country that of production, the development of all the energies of the nation as well as of all the powers of the soil? Before you talk of exchange, you must surely have something to exchange. May it not be laid down as an infallible first principle of true political economy that labour must precede reward; that the exercise of skill, strength, and industry is the condition of all true well-being for the community or the individual; that production, by the laws of nature and of God, precedes, and always must precede, consumption?

If this first principle is forgotten, as it has been by the so-called economists, how can their conclusions be other than erroneous and vain? God's sunshine is God's free gift, that is true; so is earth, with its capacities of cultivation and resources, mines, &c., so is the vegetable creation; but to make them available for the use of man, human energy and skill are requisite. So the old Bible statement, that in the sweat of his brow man should eat bread, is seen to lie at the root of sound political economy.

The illustration has been used before by the present writer, but it brings the matter insisted on too clearly home to be omitted here. Conceive, then, our rivers to run with milk and wine, our trees to bear leaves of bread, and legs of mutton if you will, and you can't help seeing that a death-blow would be struck to the exercise of energy and to all civilisation. The approximation to this state of things in the South Sea Islands is, need it be said, destructive in its consequences. Man is a working animal here, and cannot flourish in a state of easy luxury. Labour, therefore, is practically the root and foundation of all true wealth. It may take a thousand forms, it may be of a lower or a higher order; it may be mainly physical or mainly intellectual; it may or may not involve the exercise of mental or mechanical ingenuity; it may take the shape of defending the security or promoting the interests of the nation in the person of soldier, sailor, clergyman, doctor, artist; but labour or energy is the one thing needful, and therefore, the true interests of labour and labourers are the first thing to be considered in political economy.

Now, the first interest of labour is regular employment, with a fair profit. It is comparatively indifferent to labour whether so-called money prices are high or low, but the labourer has the right to have, and any cheapness obtained at the cost of his existence, is a wrong and injury to the entire community.

Further, the interest of the nation or community, as a whole, is to increase its corporate wealth, and develop all the resources of the soil, all the energies of the inhabitants. Other countries may be more favoured; are almost certain to be so, in climate, richness of soil, &c. The highest energy, physical, moral and mental, is not developed, is rather retarded, by the finest climate; but it would be most foolish, and even insane, on the part of the inhabitants of any country, for the sake of temporary cheapness, to allow their own country to go out of cultivation. This would be diminishing their capital for the sake of a momentary higher interest. Wealth does not depend on the amount consumed by men, or extravagant expenditure would be wealthy, and foolish expenditure and lack of foresight would be virtuous, but it depends on the exercise and result of our productive powers and energies of whatever kind. We should always make more than we spend.

The primary interest, then, and the duty of every nation, is to develop its active powers. This is not to be done in the spirit of exclusiveness, under which we have seen China and Japan flourishing for thousands of years. After production comes commerce, for the carrying abroad of our superfluous produce, and the exchange of this for the superfluous produce of other lands. Such commerce should be free and unrestricted, as far as is compatible with the development of home production and the interest of producers, which is primary.

No great country, be it noted, can afford to neglect agriculture, because of all parasites the cultivation of the soil is the healthiest, physically and morally, and also because, men being what they are, national existence should not be absolutely at the mercy of foreign supplies, which may be withheld. Cheapness is a relative consideration. The essential condition for national well-being is employment, with its result—productiveness and a fair profit. The development of native art, taste, and skill, is another essential condition of national well-being, and a wise government will put forth all its powers to foster these qualities in the population. Now all this is utterly inconsistent with the principle of unrestricted competition, which means the oppression of labour for the benefit of hoarded capital, the sacrifice of the poor to the rich, of the worker to the more

joyer. The individual speculator, as has been said before, may make a fortune by a lucky hit, buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, but this maxim is one for speculators and hucksters only. The true merchant, who is a benefactor of humanity, seeks to secure a permanent trade, that shall be beneficial to buyer and seller. He buys ordinarily in the best market the best goods, and sells in the surest, where he is most likely to carry on a lasting and profitable business. But these first principles run directly counter to the teachings of Adam Smith, Mill, Bastiat, &c. There is a fundamental error on one side or the other, and no possibility of compromise. Now, let me repeat, that all civilised countries, save our own, act on the protectionist theory. Republics and empires are of one mind. Universal suffrage is distinctly protectionist, and for the rights of labour, in every land but ours.

Here peculiar circumstances, and in particular the fact that we had almost the monopoly of manufacturing skill and energy, gave the victory to the advocates of unrestricted competition nearly forty years ago. These men were not deep thinkers, but they were popular and powerful orators. They professed to speak in the name of the working classes, and they represented the landlords of England as the natural enemies of the community. At that time the great body of the English people had not the suffrage, and so stood without the constitution, and regarded the ruling classes with more or less of bitterness and envy. Hence the temporary triumph of Messrs. Bright and Cobden, one of whom has lived to see all his predictions falsified, and will probably also live to see his policy reversed. Household suffrage, which we owe, under God, to Lord Beaconsfield (though it must be admitted that Mr. Gladstone would have freely and gladly conferred it on the country), has revolutionised the whole position, and has made the great body of the people the ultimate court of appeal on this as on every other subject in practical politics.

We, protectionists, then, and advocates of the rights of labour, look to the great body of the people to support us in the imperial policy, which we consider needful. The first thing to do, manifestly, is to establish fair trade, or reciprocity at a slow but certain process of national suicide. Secondly, we desire to make the empire a reality by establishing differential duties between all our colonies and ourselves, with those colonies free consent, which, we believe, will not be withheld. Thirdly, we are resolved, at every cost, to develop and encourage the native skill and energy of our own people, certain that the increase of our home wealth will of necessity involve also the prosperity of our external trade, and rank us among the first or at the head of commercial as well as productive nations.

And now, as I am writing in goodwill to all men, and most perfectly recognise the honourable intentions of those from whom I differ, I think it as well not to fight behind a mask, and will subscribe my name in full to this communication. I am free to confess that Messrs. Mill, Bastiat, Say, &c., may be more subtle reasoners, as they are more voluminous writers than I, but I believe, nay, I am sure, that they have based their whole system on a foundation of sand, because they have considered the benefit of trade apart from that of production; have confounded the possible interests of the individual and those of the community; have ignored the rights and for the most part the existence of labour; and have systematically put the effect before the cause by assuming that we have the practical power of consumption without having first exercised skill, industry, and toil, the most fatal of all errors.

I invite refutation, if it be possible, and subscribe myself, your faithful servant.

ARCHER THOMPSON GURNEY.

Rhayader Vicarage, Dec. 12, 1881.

FAIR TRADE AND FOUL PLAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Job's letter, published in last Sunday's *People*, I beg to inform him that Mr. Donati, of Beaconsfield Buildings, Colindale Road, and the Secretary of the Fair Trade League, will meet any two gentlemen whom he may nominate, to make all the necessary arrangements for the debate he proposes to hold with me. Will he please either send the names of his two friends or put them into communication with either of the gentlemen I have named?—Yours obediently, H. J. PERRIER.

26, Henry-street, W., Dec. 21, 1881.

THE LATE EARL OF CRAWFORD.

The following letter has been received by the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres from his mother, who resides in the villa of the late earl at Florence:—"I have been informed by those who know best, that if, in order to recover the beloved remains that have been so cruelly stolen away from their resting-place, we yield to the natural desire of offering a ransom for their discovery and restoration, we shall be creating a precedent that may lead to repetition of this cruel and almost unbearable crime, and that success in this case in obtaining (what could be the only object of those who committed the crime) a large sum of money would encourage them to carry out in other cases the same horrible and sacrilegious work. I should indeed, be unwilling, by any action of mine, to expose any one to the horror and grief and exceeding pain that this outrage has caused to myself and my family. I have, therefore, made up my mind, with what reluctance and difficulty I will not say, to refuse to offer any ransom as far as I myself am concerned, and to request my son equally to do the same. In doing thus I am only carrying out what I know would have been my husband's wish, for with him duty was a paramount obligation. No one who knows us could for a moment doubt the love and reverence we both felt for him that is gone, or the readiness on the part of each to make any sacrifice, of whatever kind, for the comfort of once more restoring the body, so precious to us, to its last earthly resting-place; but wherever it may be hid, God has it in his own good keeping, and some day I humbly trust it will be restored to me. Meanwhile I leave my cause in God's hands. If, perchance, at some future time a feeling of regret or remorse should enter the heart of one of those who have so cruelly torn from his resting-place, and whose kind heart would never have willingly injured a living soul, he may be induced to give such information as may enable us to restore once more our beloved dead to his resting-place, awaiting that day when no secret shall be hid. The tender and kindly sympathy manifested by high and low throughout the length and breadth of the land, and which I gratefully acknowledge, will enable each and all to appreciate the motives which have overruled my wishes and have induced me to come to this determination."

GAMING AT MONTE CARLO.

A few days ago the King received in audience the President of the International Association for Suppressing the Gambling Tables at Monte Carlo. His Majesty manifested warm interest in the object of the Association, and a lively sense of the corrupting influence that the gambling establishment exercises on the whole Riviera. The Ministerial *Département* a few nights ago closed an incisive article with an appeal to the sense of honour of the proprietors, Prince Radziwill and Prince Roland Napoleon, who, it said, could hardly desire to link their names with an immoral and disreputable traffic.

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL.—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, has consented to preside at the annual meeting of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, which, by his lordship's permission, will be held at the Mansion House.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—We are requested by the Rev. Henry Blagden, Vicar of Hughenden, to state that a large portion of the proposed memorial to Lord Beaconsfield, at Hughenden, has been carried out. First, a magnificent west window, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, has been erected. Second, the chancel wall has been richly decorated by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, with paintings of evangelists, prophets, and angels, so as to harmonise with the east window, which is the gift of the late earl's executors. The remainder of the work proposed is in hand, to be completed by Easter, but the sum of £200 is still needed to carry out the plan of the

A second explosion occurred on Wednesday, a Cardiff ship, the *Steamer William*, was caught in the blast and sank. The ship's deck and the life tanks were damaged. The engineer started the pumps, but finding they did not draw the tar, he took it to the main hold cover off one of the tanks, and caught a light in his hand an explosion occurred. Captain Windham, who was four feet from the tank, was killed. The ship's crew, and the crew of the *Steamer* *John Morgan*, mate of the *William*, were killed. All three were badly burned all over their bodies, and were removed to the infirmary, where they remain.

CHRISTMAS DOINGS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS.

Christmas with all its attendant institutions! The air thick with circulars—invitations to public gatherings for charitable objects; to private assemblies at the houses of such very grand folks that their dinners and balls, in the absence of royal doings to chronicle, become public property in the newspapers; and wonderful "cards to view" the exhibitions of new year's gifts displayed in all the shops of Paris. No matter what the special business of each establishment may be—not one but has its gay display of inutilities, tasteful always, costly often, just the things which with a passing glance one decides will be "so nice to give away!" Among the things "nice," not only to give away, but to receive, must be counted the triumphs of art in the bon-bon line, the miniature coal sacks, filled to overflowing with the best of chocolate and cream, in the form of roasted chestnuts imitated to a nicety—the white satin flour bags absurdly piled with what appear to be the rosiest of little apples, being really a marvellous composition of the "melting" sort of bon-bon—the tribe of Esquimaux—beautiful little figures a foot high in snowy, furry garments, perfectly artistic and characteristic, which on examination, prove to be another form of the all-pervading bon-bon box.

But, after all, the wonder of Paris just now is the toy trade. In the heart of every great haberdashery or silk mercer's establishment is a glittering chamber set apart and consecrated to the display of toys, wherein, lit by the sheen of gas and twinkling tinsel, the wildest dreams of the most acquisitive infant seem to have taken form and substance. Dolls, so like babies, and little girls that one can hardly help a kind of belief that they will some day grow up and use the endless accessories displayed around them; horses standing ready in their stalls, having real hides at any rate, and models of form and attitude, with a collection of brushes, buckets, and horse-cloths hanging on the stable walls, enough to make an amateur groom of much intelligence out of the small boy of five, who may become their proud possessor; every variety of every object which could be supposed by the wildest stretch of fancy to be amusing or desirable. But you don't meet the children themselves in these fascinating regions. The wise elders come here alone, to judge and choose, without the hopeless embarrassment of the youngster, whose desires, once "engendered by the eye," would embrace the whole stock-in-trade of the establishment, and to whom the selected doll or horse, or drum, or workbox would appear, by comparison, a poor kind of display on New-year's day.

If you are so fortunate, shall I say, as to be free from the wearing anxieties of choice, the distracting inner questionings, "What would he, she, or they like best?" then, certainly, a turn in the toy-shops of Paris at this particular season, is a pastime not to be despised, and one which tends to widen your experience, introducing you to a world far removed from that into which you enter when you leave the early gaslight in the shops' recesses and turn out into the busy region of grown-up realities.

I met M— on Saturday evening. He had been "assisting" at the closing séance of the Chamber of Deputies—a short one closed in a hurry through M. Gambetta's influence. The "Extreme Left" were about to put a question to the Government, through M. de Lanesman, on the subject of nominating a commission of inquiry into the performances of certain consular agents in foreign parts, in consequence of the Rochefort-Roustan revelations.

Desirous at any price to avoid such an inconvenient proposal, or at least to stave it off, M. Gambetta buttonholed M. Brisson, and persuaded him to delay, for a few minutes; the commencement of the sitting; "just till they have finished their business over there at the Luxembourg; because then, you see, we shall have a right to cut short any indiscreet demands, by reading the order of prorogation." So said, so done, and to the great surprise of several "intransigents" among the deputies, M. Brisson began (twenty minutes after time) reading the order for prorogation, and by declaring the session of 1881 at an end.

"So you see," added M—, "the good folks will have to wait till next year, at any rate, to propose their commission. Rather a pretty trick of Léon's wasn't it?"

It is pleasant to turn to the energetic efforts which are being made every day, for good and charitable objects, by the gay and busy Parisian world which certainly does not forget to be gay and busy for a benevolent motive. First, for the moment, stands the case of the Vienna sufferers by the fire in the Ring Theatre. Madame Edmond Adam, and her press committee, at the office of the *Nouvelle Revue*, are hard at work, organising subscriptions, tactions, and fetes of every kind for the good cause. Among all these, the most brilliant will be an entertainment on a large scale, to take place at the Grand Opera, the opera house having been placed at the organiser's disposal for the occasion. The late is not precisely fixed, but the prices are—with a vengeance. The boxes are to be let at fifty, forty, and thirty pounds English, and no single seat is to be had for less than four pounds. So that one had need to have a well-furnished purse, as well as a heart open "to melting charity," to afford oneself an evening amusement at such a cost.

On Wednesday was a wonderfully delightful ratié at the Austrian Embassy, also for the Vienna sufferers, at which such singers as Madame Krauss and M. Faure, and such actors as Madame Reichenberg, M. Göt, and M. Coquelin gave us a taste of their quality, free gratis for nothing, as far as they themselves, kind souls, are concerned.

On Thursday last there was a brilliant meeting of the Geographical Society—the second of the year—at the Society's rooms on the Boulevard St. Germain. There were too many people, and it was so hot to move; but, though I could not succeed in hearing more than a fragment of the opening speech of M. Lescage, which evidently delighted those who were within earshot, I was more fortunate at the end of the evening, listening at my ease to the interesting account given by M. Charles Gachet of his travels in the regions neighbouring the Caspian Sea. M. Gachet is a correspondent of the *Republique Française*, and was sent out at the cost of the proprietors of the journal, to explore the country situated between the ends of the Turanian Taurus and the Caspian. The traveller entertained us with his interesting and, on his showing, plausible prospect of a railway between the Caspian Sea and the Alps.

The artistic world in Paris has much to say just now with regard to possible modification in the art of painting, resulting from Mr. Maybridge's recent theories in instantaneous photography.

One week, Mr. Maybridge exhibited some of these rapidly interesting discoveries to a select audience at the club "des Mirlitons." He speaks no French,

and his interpreter was M. Meissonnier, the distinguished painter. The American photographer showed us first of all a picture of his great apparatus at Chicago.

Imagine, if you can, four-and-twenty photographic reflectors arranged so as to cover uninterruptedly a stretch of ground about thirty yards in length. Say that a horse at full gallop passes before this range of glasses from No. 1 to No. 24 successively. Each glass receives an instantaneous impression of the horse's action, decomposed, as it were, into the separate instants of his passage from one end to the other of his course. These four-and-twenty separate photographs are then fixed by Mr. Maybridge in a disc, which he causes to rotate rapidly, thus affording to the spectator an absolutely perfect illusion of the actual movement of the animal.

In this manner we were shown the whole action of a jockey taking his horse over a hedge; you absolutely see the man pull his horse together, lift him over, and let him go as he touches the ground on the other side. Afterwards we saw the detached details—each instant of the rapid leap—and subsequently oxen, moving slowly, and greyhounds coursing. It is impossible to imagine anything more curious than the appearance of the detached instants in photography which go to make these wonderful pictures. It would never have occurred to any one, I think, that any animal at any given moment could be caught in such grotesque attitudes.

Appropos of the great Vienna catastrophe. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. On Friday last the director of every theatre in Paris received an official intimation from the Prefect of Police, that he would be required, in a week's time, to execute in his theatre every possible precautionary measure, which could be adopted without absolutely closing its doors.

The first step to be taken is, we are told, the establishment of a system of lighting by oil-lamps, to be ready for use at any moment, when it might be necessary to turn off the gas at the meter; and secondly, movable bracket-seats are to replace, in all cases, the occasional chairs which obstruct the passage of the audience. Also the number of doors of egress is to be increased, and the approach to them facilitated.

These measures of precaution will be extended to the theatres subsidised by the Government, the Minister of "the Arts," the ever active M. Antonin Proust, having put himself into communication with the Prefect of Police, supplementing all the latter's instructions, with his governmental orders for their execution.

The Grand Opera it appears has hitherto always refused to provide a system of oil lighting, which is now rigorously to be enforced.

Additional measures are to be taken to insure a prompt and sufficient supply of water. Also, every theatre, without exception, is to have its iron curtain, to separate the stage from the auditorium.

In the Theatre of the Palais Royal a second staircase is insisted upon; the one which exists being notoriously narrow and dangerous from its insufficiency.

It is satisfactory to be assured that all possible precautions are going to be taken just now, when the holidays will bring larger audiences than usual to all the theatres. The managers grumble, but not the public.

The Chatelet Theatre is sure of crowded benches, so long as the "Thousand and One Nights" keep the boards. A more fascinating piece of "faery" was never put on any stage before, to my thinking at least. The "three acts and thirty-three tableaux" are arranged so as to give scope for the most scientific stage managing, the most daring and successful flights of the scene painter and machinist; and all that a stage costumer could devise of most brilliant in dress or undress.

The story—all that is necessary in the way of a story—hangs upon the adventures of Abou-Hassan. He is the lover of Schéhérazade, and the Sultan consents to give him up the lady, in exchange for three things, the richest treasure, the purest pearl, and the most precious talisman in the world. Abou-Hassan starts off in pursuit of these, which are particularised as the treasure of Sindbad the Sailor, Cleopatra's pearl, and Aladdin's Lamp. The Sultan starts also, to do his utmost to hinder Abou-Hassan in his quest. In the deepest under-water depths, he all the lost treasures of the world. There is a grand ballet of "Treasures of the Deep," *pace* Mrs. Hemans, and the Queen of the Water Nymphs, at the entrance of the Genius of Fairy Tales, changes Aladdin into Sindbad the Sailor. Sindbad has become the richest of the rich in the Land of Progress. A magician revives Cleopatra and her court for an hour, and himself, under the guise of Prince Pharaoh, beloved by Cleopatra, obtains from her the Necklace of Pearls. To get hold of Aladdin's Lamp, it is necessary to pass through a magic castle, and carry off the horn of Roland, wherewith to hunt monsters in the Enchanted Forest. Abou-Hassan manages to enter the castle, in the disguise of a princess, seizes the horn and has a successful "monster hunt," accompanied by the furious barking of a pack of real hounds. Then, after some terrible experiences in subterranean realms, he emerges into the Kingdom of Lamppes. There he possesses himself of Aladdin's Lamp, and the story ends.

Of course this gives no idea of the beauty of the scenes and tableaux illustrating this medley of fairy lore. Though choice is invidious where, in its kind, all is good, it was the last act where, in the Lamp Land, every possible sort of lamp, ancient and modern, has its personal representative, which struck me as the most original.

Brilliant are the hunting parties at Compiègne all through the month of December. Many of the blindest of the blue-blooded representatives still inhabit their châteaux near the entrance of the forest, and the ancient traditions of the hunting palace are not suffered to die out. Last Wednesday week, for instance, it was well worth while to get up early and take the train from Paris to Compiègne, and drive sharply to the Carrefour, or "crossways," of "Le Puits du Raz," to have a look at it.

Fancy a wide circular clearing, with five or six avenues, diverging on all sides, stretching away till they are lost in the infinite perspective of the woods. In this space are drawn up a brilliant group of carriages surrounding a knot of hunters, whose scarlet habits, lined with gold, glitter like a group of royal magnificence amid the sober colouring of their surroundings. There, too, a little further on, are the hounds, yelping for joy, even under the whip of the huntsman—a picturesque and fanciful group, those, in the Marquis de l'Aigle's livery of grey cloth and red velvet.

The horns ring out gaily, awaking the sleepy echoes, and scattering terror among all the woodland denizens; and there is an excited stir of horsemen and their steeds, rejoicing in the prospect of the day's sport; all voices, caracoles and excitement,

chattering, laughing, and occasionally taking advantage of the general stir to steal a flower from someone's bouquet, or gallantly bending to explain to some new arrival the expected programme of the day. When they have all clattered off, and the echoes of the last horns are dying away in the narrowing perspective, under the crossing branches of the grey December trees, and one wanders slowly back to the world outside the wood, one has a kind of Rip Van Winkle sensation—of having seen some sort of anachronism—and it is a relief to find that one has not missed twenty years, nor even one's train, after all.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Opening of Parliament.

We are requested to state that there is no foundation for the announcement which has appeared in some of the daily papers, that the Queen is coming to London in February in order to open Parliament.

The Princess Beatrice.

On Thursday the Princess Beatrice attended at the Town Hall, Hyde, and opened a fine art exhibition. The Isle of Wight Volunteers formed a guard of honour, and the principal streets of the town were decked with bunting. The Mayor of Hyde read an address to the Princess and delivered a speech in which he alluded to the patronage given to art by the Queen and the late Prince Consort.

France and England.

We are informed that the commercial negotiations which Franco will very shortly be resumed, and that Sir Charles Dilke is expected to arrive in Paris from the South of France on Monday or Tuesday next.

Colonial Appointments.

We learn that General Sir Charles Eliott has signified his willingness to accept the Governorship of Gibraltar, for which he is named on his vacating the Adjutant-Generalship of the Army. Sir Arthur Kennedy, we understand, will vacate the Governorship of Queensland, and return to England towards the end of next year.

A New Catholic Bishop.

A Papal bull was received in Ireland on Thursday, appointing the Very Rev. Dean Higgins, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, in place of the late Dr. McCarthy. Dean Higgins had been selected by the priests of the diocese as a candidate for the office.

Great Fire at Deptford.

On Thursday a fire, which proved most extensive and destructive, broke out in the large flour mills of Messrs. J. and H. Robinson, Deptford-bridge, Greenwich. In twenty minutes a score of engines were on their way to the scene. The premises, in which the fire broke out, consisted of two large buildings, adjoining and communicating. One was used as a mill, and the other was the granary, and it was upon the third floor of the mill portion of the premises that the fire first broke out. Both buildings caught fire, and were burned down. Two of the firemen sustained injuries in the course of the fire.

The Canonbury Collision.

Only five sufferers from the collision at Canonbury now remain in the German Hospital, where they make satisfactory progress.

Sheep Worrying on the Premier's Estate.

On Wednesday night Mr. John Roberts, Saltney, Mr. Gladstone's largest tenant farmer, lost eight valuable Shropshire Down ewes through being worried by dogs. Two others were worried to death on Sunday morning, and four a few days before, making fourteen in all. Mr. Roberts estimates his loss at £4 per head.—Mr. Jones, of Bretton, a neighbouring farmer, had six sheep worried to death by the same dogs on Sunday night.

Gallant Rescue of a Shipwrecked Crew.

The Hull smack *Clara* arrived at that port on Thursday, having on board the captain and crew of the German brig *Triton*. The brig was bound from Sweden for Ghent, with wood, when she was overtaken by the gale on Saturday last. Her foremast was carried away, and she became waterlogged and unmanageable. The crew had to lash themselves in the main rigging, and suffered much. On Sunday the smack came up, and, at great risk in a high sea, rescued the whole of the brig's crew. They had to give up their fishing voyage, which had only just commenced, to bring the shipwrecked crew home.

Shipping Disasters.

A telegram from Appleton on Thursday states that the Admiral Peter Tordenskjold, Norwegian barque, Captain H. Bondi, from Cardiff for Madeira, laden with coals, had struck on Branton Sands, in Bideford Bay, and gone to pieces. The captain and four of the crew were drowned, and six were saved.

Throwing Vitriol over a Sweetheart.

At Manchester, on Thursday, a man named Walton, occupying a respectable position, was remanded, previous to commitment to the gaol, for throwing a quantity of vitriol over his sweetheart. In consequence of a quarrel he procured the vitriol, and while she was off her guard threw it over her face endangering her sight. The quarrel arose through a telling her that he was a married man, and she resenting the indignity put upon her. At the Manchester City Police-court, on Friday, Walton was committed to the gaol. A doctor said the girl would be disabled for life.

Pigeon Shooting for £200.

On Thursday, at the Union Gun Club enclosure, Hendon, Dr. Carver, the American champion shot, and Mr. Gordon contested their return match for silver, and under somewhat similar conditions to those which governed their meeting some days since. Mr. Gordon, shooting grandly, won the match by two birds—his record being 69 against the doctor's 67.

Sculling Match.

On Thursday, George Perkins, of Rotherhithe, and George Thomas, of Brentford, rowed from Putney to Mortlake for £100, which Thomas won in 27 min. 7 sec.

STRAIN IN THE LAW COURTS.

The judges have submitted to the Home Secretary the following recommendations:—1. Considering the heavy and continuous strain, mental and physical, throughout the greater part of the year on the judges and the leading members of the bar— heavier and more continuous, as the judges believe, than on any persons employed in any other vocation—the judges, being of opinion that it would be inexpedient to shorten the period of the summer legal vacation, which has, because of the necessity of a long rest, existed for so many years, recommend that no alteration be made in the long vacation. 2. The judges being of the same opinion from a consideration of the habits of the majority of the people interested in such a question, an interference with which habits in the manner proposed would, in the opinion of the judges, entail serious hardship on jurymen and witnesses, and on solicitors and officers, without any established necessity for the proposed alteration, recommend that no alteration be made in the Long Vacation. The above recommendations were adopted at the Council of Judges of the Supreme Court, held at the House of Lords on the 15th inst., by way of amendment to the proposal by Lord Coleridge (who presided in the unavoidable absence of the Lord Chancellor) that the Trinity Sittings of the High Court and of the Court of Appeal and for the future on the 10th of August, and that the Michaelmas sittings of the High Court and of the Court of Appeal begin for the future on the 20th of October.

A MATRIMONIAL HOAX.—A London gentleman, who has been advertising for a wife, has been made the victim of an amusing hoax. The advertisement was answered by a gentleman in the Midlands. Photographs were exchanged, and the supposed lady accepted the advertiser's suit. A journey was arranged to take place at Newton Station, and at the time appointed the supposed lady was there with a host of friends. On the advertiser arriving he was so laughed at by the crowd that he was very glad to leave the station and the hoax.

THE VIENNA FIRE.

Since his return from Gödöllő the Emperor has been occupied almost exclusively with the affairs of the Ring Theatre and the important questions arising out of that calamity. After hearing the latest evidence the Emperor expressed an opinion concerning the conduct of the police and of the responsible officials of the theatre. On Monday, his Majesty made a thorough personal investigation of the Imperial Opera House, which is also situated in the Ring, and is certainly one of the finest edifices of its kind in the world. The Emperor examined all parts of the house, from the uppermost gallery to the pit. He saw the effect of the oil lamps when the gas was extinguished, and in the end ordered a number of improvements, including additional facilities for egress from the building. The Emperor will visit the Burg Theatre for the same purpose, and afterwards take the various private theatres in turn. Vienna had

Another Fright

on Monday. In the southern suburb of Mährleindorf a private theatre, with only wooden stairs, caught fire, and the incredible stupidity of the officials and police was within an act of causing another terrible loss of life. A chimney took fire in the large saloon, which was full of people. There was immediately the greatest confusion on the stage. The audience was ignorant of the cause, but was suddenly seized with terror. There were no precautionary measures at all in this building against an outbreak of fire, and to make matters worse the police would not allow any one to come out of the theatre, or to enter it until the Fire Brigade, which fortunately arrived very quickly, had extinguished the flames. People outside, many of them having relatives in the building, were naturally excited in the highest degree when they saw the fire, and grew desperate when they were refused admittance by the police. But for the fact that the firemen were able in a very few minutes to put out the fire, there can hardly be a doubt that we should have had

Another Disaster

to lament. It is probable that all the private theatres—that is all except those belonging to the State—will be closed shortly, as the precautions which have now been ordered cannot be carried out without either their entire rebuilding or at least until extensive alterations have been effected.

The Emperor, it is reported, contemplates purchasing the ground upon which the ruins of the Ring Theatre stand, and erecting thereupon a charitable institution. The Emperor's younger daughter, the Princess Marie Valerie, who is not yet fourteen, asked, in place of a Christmas present that was offered to her, to be allowed to adopt one of the little girls who have been left orphans by the terrible disaster.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

It is stated that the scheme for the provision of a large dry dock at Halifax has been taken up by a strong English party. The proposal is supported by the English and Canadian Governments, as well as by the province of Nova Scotia.—The school census of Winnipeg, just completed, gives the number of Protestant children in that city, between five and sixteen years of age, as 1,126, an increase of 42 per cent. over that of last year.—As an example of the speculation that is taking place in connection with real estate in Manitoba, it may be mentioned that a gentleman of Toronto bought, about a year ago, two lots containing 69 acres, in Manitoba, adjoining Winnipeg, for \$500,000. In December last he sold the property for \$1,000,000, and since then it has again changed hands for \$1,000,000. The first regular steamer between the Brazils and Canada left Rio de Janeiro on November 23rd. Steamers will leave regularly every month for the future with the mails, being subsidised by the Canadian Government, and it is expected that a profitable trade will thus be opened up between the two countries. Some Belgian capitalists are making investigations in the Province of Quebec, with a view to starting several beet-sugar factories in that province. It is also stated that a firm of English capitalists have acquired some iron mines in the neighbourhood of Belleville, with a view to their development. An endowment is being made to dispatch another Canadian artillery team to compete at Shoeburyness next summer. It is probable that Colonel Oswald, of Montreal, will again be invited to take the command. At the Convention of the Liberal-Conservatives, recently held at Toronto, resolutions were passed that it is important to the Dominion for the connection with Great Britain to be maintained. Six hundred and seventy-six sea-going vessels entered Quebec harbour during last season. The area of the Dominion, according to a return recently issued by the Department of the Interior, is 3,406,542 square miles. The Customs' receipts at Winnipeg for November were \$13,317, showing the extraordinary increase of \$3,523,000, over the corresponding month last year. During the ten months ending 31st October, \$3,494,200 of woollen goods were imported from Great Britain, as against \$3,882,400 in 1880. Cotton goods also show a large increase during the same period, the number of yards imported being 45,904,000 in 1881, as against 25,912,700 in 1880. The Fraser farm at Kildonan, near Winnipeg, bought a short time ago for \$3,000,000, was sold again within a week at an advance of \$1,000,000. From the 1st July to the 31st November the revenue of the Consolidated Fund amounted to \$3,801,342, and the expenditure \$10,099,123.

THE FRENCH TREATY OF COMMERCE.

The Hon. Secretary of the National Fair Trade League presents his compliments to the Editor of *The People*, and begs to send him copy of the following protest which has been addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl Granville, K.G., Secretary of State, Foreign Department, by the Executive Committee of the National Fair Trade League:—

"Whereas negotiations are now in progress for the conclusion of a new Treaty of Commerce between Great Britain and France;

"Considering that under the Treaty of 1860 between the said two kingdoms a free market is accorded in England to so large a proportion of the products of French agriculture and manufactures, whilst duties are levied in France upon the products of British industry;

"Further considering, that it is now proposed by France to vary the said duties to the further prejudice of British manufacturers, and that it is proposed still to give to France the benefit of such free market in Great Britain;

"We the undersigned members of the Executive Committee and of the Council of the National Fair Trade League, do hereby formally protest against the continuance of so unfair a system of international commerce.

"And we further protest against the conclusion of any new treaty unless based upon absolutely fair and equal terms, or that may not be terminable at one year's notice, and that no 'most favoured nation clause' shall be contracted as being applicable to any fiscal arrangements which may be made between Great Britain and any of her colonies and dependencies.—Dated this 17th day of December, 1881."

Here follow the signatures of members of the Executive Committee and of the Council of the National Fair Trade League, nearly two hundred in number.

KING KOFFER'S GOLD AXE.—The gold axe of King Koffe, of Ashantee, lately sent, for an unexplained reason, to the Queen, has been, by her Majesty's order, deposited in the South Kensington Museum. It is a triangular blade of iron, apparently cut from a piece of billy plate, roughly stuck into a clumsy handle of African oak. The handle is covered with leopard skin, part of which, immediately above the blade, is deeply soiled, apparently with blood. Bands of thin gold, enriched with uncut chevrons and lunettes *en repoussé*, are placed round the handle. The sheath of the blade, which is of tiger skin, accompanies this, and is imprinted, and attached to it is the gold element which has anything like artistic merit. This is a nondescript object of beaten gold, shaped like a large cockle-shell with curved horns extended from the hinge, and not inelegantly decorated, with lines and punctures *en repoussé* and even work of *muslinelle*.—*Albionist*.

had been deemed to be the great source of insolence to the condition of things in Ireland, but the power the Land League was broken. As an organised

Cemetery. The procession was headed by the band of the North London Railway employees, who played "The Dead March in 'Saul'" during the journey from the house in Morville-street to the cemetery gates. A hearse was escorted by two railway guards, one on each side, and two mourning coaches to take the mourners on each side, all being in their working uniforms and wearing sashes over their uniform caps. The last coach was followed on foot by from 400 to 500 railway employees of the North London Railway, the mounted guard having been very popular among the comrades. The Rev. Mr. Erskine, minister of the Presbyterian Chapel, and the Rev. G. T. Edgar, minister of the Baptist Chapel, Bow, officiated at a religious ceremony. In spite of the heavy rain, a large concourse of people were present. The body was buried in the unconsecrated portion of the cemetery.

1 missing is the fourth she has lost by drowning.

His honour made the order to close.

THE POLICE COURTS.

The following cases were heard on December 17—
Guildhall.

CRUELTY TO HORSES.—Alfred Duke, 34, Essex-road, Islington, groomer, was charged with causing a horse to be cruelly ill-treated. Defendant's son was driving the horse in a van over London-bridge. As it was evidently in great pain, a constable stopped it and took it to the greenyard. Mr. Thomas Sangster, veterinary surgeon, said the horse was lame, and it was cruelty to work it. Alderman Walker fined the owner £5 and costs, or one month's imprisonment. He discharged the driver. Subsequently the defendant appealed to the Alderman to reduce the fine and he would have the horse killed. Alderman Walker said he had made up his mind to put down this species of cruelty. The defendant must either pay the money or go to prison. Mr. Langster said the horse was totally unfit for work. The owner agreed to have the horse slaughtered. On that condition he was fined 40s. and costs. Jonathan Avis, a wheelwright, Becontree-heath, Dagenham, Essex, was also charged with causing a horse to be cruelly ill-treated. Alderman Walker discharged the driver, and on the owner consenting to have the horse slaughtered, fined him 40s. and costs. John Ralph, Jackson's-gardens, Carlisle-lane, Lambeth, charged before Alderman Walker, with working a lame horse, was fined 25s. and costs.

THE FORTY THIEVES.—Daniel Sullivan, 16, errand boy; Daniel Lyons, 17, labourer; and John Hickman, 16, were charged with stealing a brown paper parcel from a cart. John Joy, 17 years of age, 22, Albany-street, Goswell-road, was charged with stealing 11d. in bronze from the ticket pocket of Mr. Thomas Payne, of the Drovers' Benevolent Institute, the Cattle Market. John William Green, 16, was charged with stealing a scarf from the shop door of Mr. George Clark, hosier. The police stated that prisoners were members of a daring gang of boys who styled themselves "The Forty Thieves." They were the pest of the City. Alderman Walker sent Sullivan and Lyons to prison for fourteen days, and Hickman, against whom previous convictions were proved, for one calendar month. Joy was sent for two months, and Green he discharged with a caution.

Mansion House.

EXTENSIVE EMBEZZLEMENT.—Henry Collins, a banker's clerk, was charged on remand with embezzling over £2,000, the money of Messrs. Roberts and Co., bankers. Mr. Mullens, on behalf of the London Bankers' Association, prosecuted. The prisoner was in the clearing department of the bank, where he had been employed for a number of years. Recently Mr. Lambourne, investigating the prisoner's accounts, discovered a debit entry in July for £2,000. This professed to be cleared up by a credit entry later in the same month. As the items were not satisfactorily explained, the prisoner was requested to further explain, but this he was unable to do, and he was then given into the custody of Detective-sergeant Flower, but made no answer to the charge. Afterwards the prisoner admitted the charge, and said that his defalcations had been going on for nine years. The prisoner was again remanded.

ALLEGED "LONG FIRM" FRAUD.—Richard Alfred Welham, an elderly man, was charged with conspiring with two men, named Trevelli and Kendrick, now under remand, to defraud. Mr. St. John Wortner said he prosecuted for the Treasury, and stated that the prisoner was on old friend of the Court and well-known for his "Long Firm" proclivities. In 1877 the prisoner was committed by Sir R. W. Carden for trial, with six other men, for this kind of offence. At the Old Bailey he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and was now out on licence. He appeared to have answered an advertisement for an agent, and obtained an agency for a watch manufacturer. The prisoner thereupon introduced his old friend Trevelli as a very respectable man, and no doubt he was from the prisoner's point of view, like him, he was on licence, having been sentenced for "Long Firm" frauds to five years' penal servitude. Trevelli gave an order for £200 worth of watches for exportation to Batavia, £100 worth were supplied, and, instead of being sent to Batavia, they found their way to Pimlico, where money was borrowed upon them. The prisoner was remanded.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—The General Steam Navigation Company were summoned, under the Cattle Diseases Act, for neglecting to have one of their vessels disinfected and properly cleansed before another cargo was taken on board. The case was adjourned.

Bow-street.

RELEASED FOR THE DIVORCE COURT.—After Mr. Flowers had disposed of the ordinary night charges, a young woman, of prepossessing appearance, applied for advice with reference to alleged threats of a compulsory restitution of conjugal rights by her husband. She left him about four months ago in consequence of his alleged cruelty, and had since been living with her father, who is a publican. She further alleged that during the time they had cohabited together she had kept her husband for eighteen months, as he never did any work to support her. Last night (Friday) she met him, and he made use of threatening language, declaring that he wanted her to go back with him that he might have revenge. She took time for consideration, and made an appointment to meet him at this court. The husband, who was in attendance, stepped forward, and in reply to questions put to him, he detailed the whole circumstances of his married life, from which it appeared that he had been in business at Lavender-hill, and had been asked by his wife's father to give it up and join in assisting in the public-house. He demurred at first, but as his wife expressed her determination to go, whether he did or not, he ultimately yielded. After he had been there six months he was induced, by his father-in-law for money, towards providing a little home for his wife, and received two sovereigns for that purpose. His wife, however, refused to cohabit with him, and he objected to her presence in a public bar without wearing a wedding ring. The wife interrupting, said it had been pawned for her husband's benefit. The husband proceeded to say that after he had met her on Friday night, her brother had handed him a letter and had told him that, "Fanny has no wish to live with you, as she has committed adultery with another man and is quite willing to go and swear it in the Divorce Court." A controversy took place between the parties in the box upon the subject, during which the applicant admitted she had received money from a man who used her father's house. Mr. Flowers informed the parties that he had no power in the matter, and referred them to the Divorce Court.

MISSED.—The mother of a young girl named Hughes, living at 9, Montague Mews, attended before Mr. Flowers, and stated that her daughter left home on Wednesday afternoon last to visit an aunt in Walworth. She left on Thursday afternoon about three o'clock to return home, but had not been seen or heard of by her parents since. She was about fourteen years of age, had fair complexion and hair. Her right hand was slightly crippled from the effects of a burn, and had a scar extending from the elbow to the fingers. She had also a scar under the left ear, and was wearing a brown velvet dress, black cloth jacket, and a red silk scarf round her neck.

Marlborough-street.

CHARGE OF FRAUD.—Mr. Arthur Frederick Dickson was charged with forging and uttering a cheque for £500, on the 30th November, with intent to defraud Mr. Peter Robinson, silk mercer, Oxford-street. Mr. Lane, assistant to Mr. Peter Robinson, stated that on the 30th November, the prisoner purchased a number of the value of £100, and gave her a cheque for £500, on Messrs. Glyn's bank. She handed the cheque to the manager of the mantle department (W. Nicholson), who told her to accept it, and she gave the prisoner the change. Mr. G. C. Nicholson, manager of Mr. Peter Robinson's mantle department, said he considered prisoner's appearance sufficient to justify him in telling the last witness to cash the cheque, which was subsequently returned, marked "No account." Detective-sergeant Berry, said he arrested the prisoner in the Grosvenor-park. On telling him the charge, he replied, "A false cheque? What do you mean?" The prisoner said he had become bankrupt, and that his books were in the hands of W. Copland, and that he would not say anything to criminate himself. The prisoner was re-

manded, Mr. Humphreys objecting to bail on the ground that other charges would be brought forward.

Clerkenwell.

THE BRITISH SAVAGES.—Daniel Sullivan, aged 50, iron moulder, of 13, Sheperton-road, Islington, was charged with feloniously cutting and wounding his wife, with intent to do her grievous bodily harm. Mr. Moore, of the Associated Institute for the Protection of Women, watched the case. Prosecution deposed that last evening on returning home from work she told the prisoner, who had been drinking in bed, that she thought it was high time he got something to do, on which he jumped out and struck her two violent blows in the face. Then he went into bed again. Whilst she was preparing the supper, prisoner again got out of bed and threw some beer at her, and when she told him that she should get some more, he struck her several violent blows, and said that if she went out he would murder her, and taking hold of the knife she had in her hand, drew it out, cutting her badly. She went to the police-station, and prisoner was taken into custody. Prisoner admitted assaulting his wife, but said it was because she threw things at him whilst he was in bed. Mr. Barrow said he should deal with the case as one of assault. Prisoner would be imprisoned for 15 days.

EMBEZZLEMENT BY A BRUNNEN READER.—George Sanson, aged 17, respectively, deposed that he was a Scripture reader, and the son of a City missionary residing at Anley-street, Old Kent-road, was charged with embezzling on the 13th inst. several sums of money, amounting in all, to £110s., received by him for and on account of his employer, Mr. James Young, dyer, of Upper-street. The prisoner had been in the employ of the prosecutor for some time at a liberal salary. His duty among other things, was to take out goods to customers, receive the money for them, and to account for all sums so received, as soon as he returned home. Suspicious entertained by the prosecutor led him to make inquiries, when he found the prisoner had received several small sums for which he had not accounted. Prisoner, when apprehended, said he was very sorry, and hoped the prosecutor and the Court would be merciful to him. He now pleaded guilty, and asked the magistrate to settle the case. Mr. Harrison sentenced him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six weeks.

Worship Street.

SUGAR IN BEER.—Thomas C. Newmarsh, of the Monmouth Arms public-house, Haberdash-street, Hoxton, was convicted of having on his premises a quantity of sugar intended for use in beer. Charles Mathew Neal, beer-retailer, of Baker-street, Bethnal-green, appeared to a summons which charged him with having on the 25th of September in his possession one half-pint of solution of sugar. The defendant was fined in a sum of £20.

Marylebone.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Joseph Richardson, 21, living at 49, Grafton-road, Kentish-town, was charged on remand with attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Regent's Canal. A letter was received from the Chaplain of the House of Detention to the effect that the accused had been indulging in a long course of drinking. Mr. Cooke ordered prisoner to find a surety in £20 to keep the peace for three months; until it was found, he would remain in prison.

Lambeth.

MOTHER AND SON.—Ann Heard, an aged woman, living in the neighbourhood of Lambeth-walk, was summoned by her son, Francis Heard, for unlawfully knocking at his door without lawful excuse. Complainant said prisoner had before annoyed him in a similar manner. Defendant declared that her son owed her 15s., and she went to his house to get it, when she was roughly treated by him. Complainant: How did I roughly treat you? Defendant: You pinched my arm, and twisted it about, and roughly turned me out of my place. I don't owe you anything. Mr. Ellison, after listening to some further observations of the complainant, said, with much warmth, I tell you, sir, it's a disgraceful thing to bring your aged mother to a police-court upon such a paltry complaint. Complainant: But I wish to explain. Mr. Ellison: Stand down, sir, I have heard quite enough, and have expressed my opinion. The summons was dismissed.

ROBBERY CHILDREN.—Mary Ann McIn, 30, described as a married woman, living in Alder-road, was charged with stealing 1s. 6d. from Arthur Sherman, aged 8 years. The mother sent the boy to get some beer. Upon his return he failed to bring back the proper change, and seemed very frightened, and in consequence of information received, went with the boy to the Lorraine Arms, where he found the prisoner. The boy said in her presence that she asked him to let her look at the change he had, and upon his opening his hand she took 1s. 6d. and went out saying she was going to buy some sweets for him. The landlady proved that prisoner was in the house and followed close to the boy as he went out. Prisoner, who denied the charge was remanded for inquiries.

POOR BOX.—The magistrate has received for the poor-box £20 from the Fishmongers' Company.

Southwark.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.—Annie Carter, 22, a flashy-dressed young woman, living in Tennyson-street, Waterloo-road, was charged with stealing a gold watch and chain, the property of Henry Guley, 75, Washington-street, and a young man from the country. The prosecutor was a young man from the country, who came on a visit to some friends. On the previous night he went to a theatre in the Strand. After leaving his friends, he fell in with the prisoner and another girl, and treated them at the Gaiety restaurant. He afterwards accompanied them to a house in Tennyson-street, Waterloo-road. He had at that time his watch and chain, and some loose coins in his pockets. On waking up in the morning, at twelve o'clock, he found his clothes thrown over the room, his pocket-book and papers scattered about, and his watch and chain gone. The police were called in, and as the prisoner had been seen leaving the room, she was given into custody. The prosecutor, on being sworn, said he met the two young girls in the Strand, and treated them at the Gaiety restaurant. As they were very kind to him, and it was too late to go to his lodgings, one of the girls took him to a room, where he placed his watch and chain on the dressing-table and his clothes on a chair. When he woke up he missed his watch and chain, and on examining his pockets he missed all his money except sixpence. The young girl who took him to the house was taken ill in the night, and was obliged to leave the room, and as the prisoner was seen roaming about the house, suspicion fell upon her, and she was taken into custody. Prisoner then said, "I was looking after my cat, sir. I was looking all over the house, and I could not find it. Where's my cat?" (Laughter.) Mr. Washington said they had not; but he understood the prisoner had left the house in the course of the morning. Ellen Walker said she was one of the young women who met the prosecutor in the Strand, and accompanied them to the house in Tennyson-street. The prisoner also lodged there, but had nothing to do with them. Witness's sister was with the prosecutor, and during the night she was sick that she was compelled to go to the lavatory, and witness attended to her and put her on the sofa in her room. She saw the prisoner enter the room where the prosecutor was asleep, as she came down she asked her what she was doing about the house. She replied "I have been looking for my cat." The constable who took the prisoner into custody, said she was searched before she left the house, but the property could not be found. Other women and men had been in the house. Mr. Bridge observed that it would be useless to ask the prisoner for trial on such evidence, as no jury could convict. He therefore discharged the prisoner.

WORKHOUSE LIE.—Alexander Bucknott, the porter, at Saint Saviour's Workhouse, Marlborough-street, New Cut, was charged with assaulting George Tillet, an inmate, 75 years of age, one of the inmates employed at the gate. Complainant said he had been in business at Snow-hill, and afterwards clerk to an auctioneer, but at last he was compelled to seek shelter at the workhouse. A short time ago the defendant selected him as one of the gate-keeper under him, which exposed him very much to the cold. One day he asked to be allowed to enter his lodge to warm his hands, and was refused. On the evening of the 25th, while defendant was away, he went into the lodge to make an entry on the slate, and at that time a female inmate came in and said something to him while he

there the defendant ordered him out of the lodge, and on witness telling him he was there to warm his hands he took him by the shoulder and turned him out. Witness told him he should acquaint the master of his conduct, when he seized hold of him and dragged him into the receiving ward, and kept him there until the following morning. On the following morning he told the master of it, and said he should go to the magistrate and take out a summons. He accordingly left the house and went to his late master, who engaged a solicitor to take proceedings. The defendant, in answer to the charge said the complainant was an obstinate old man, but was actually breaking the order of the house. He had strict orders not to allow the men to converse with the females inside, and on the day in question he caught him conversing with one of them in the lodge, and told him to leave. As he refused, he led him out, when he became so obstreperous that he was compelled to take him to the receiving ward as a refractory pauper. On the following morning he asked him if his temper was better, when he said, "What's that to you? I am going to the magistrate, and I'll have the coat off your back." Witness said nothing more to him, and he denied having assaulted him as stated. Mr. Weekly, the master of the workhouse, said the rules were that none of the men should speak to the females. As for the porter's lodge, the old man at the gate had a right to go in it to warm themselves. As soon as he heard of the affair he advised the old man to go before the committee that evening, but he would not, and he allowed him to go out and see the magistrate. In answer to Mr. Bridge he said that the porter selected the gate-keepers from the best educated men in the house. Those men had greater liberty. They were allowed out at intervals, that no objection was made to their fetching tea, sugar, and snuff for the old people. Several witnesses were called for the defence, among whom was Elizabeth Scruggs, who said she generally made the porter's tea and looked to his room. Whilst there the old man came up to her, mumbling something about the porter, but she did not take any notice of him. Defendant then came in and ordered him out, but as he refused to go he led him out and took him to the receiving ward and left him. Mr. Bridge observed that many of the people who sought shelter at the workhouse were those who had been brought to poverty by misfortune, and they were entitled to consideration and kind treatment by the officials. He had carefully investigated the case, but he had come to the conclusion that complainant had exaggerated his statement, and had broken the rules of the house, which, in such an establishment, must be strictly obeyed. Being of opinion that the complainant had not spoken the truth, he dismissed the summons.

Westminster.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS AND THE LICENSING LAW.—This morning, on Mr. D'Eyncourt taking his seat, Mr. Alfred J. Bristow, solicitor to the Westminster and Pimlico Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association, applied for process against the Grosvenor Working Men's Club, in the Buckingham-palace-road, for selling a bottle of whisky for consumption off the premises, contrary to the provisions of the Licensing Acts. The advocate stated that it would be in the remembrance of his worship that some months since proceedings were taken against the manager and committee of this club for selling excisable liquor to be consumed off the premises, and the result of what was called a test case was, a conviction, with the nominal penalty of 20s. The management of the club appealed against this decision, but they had not yet disregarded the opinion of his worship, and pending the decision of a higher court, they had continued their "off" sales, and were no doubt still breaking the law. On the 10th of the present month, Mr. George Evans, chairman of the Local Association of Licensed Victuallers, and also a member of the club, asked for a bottle of whisky, and left the club with it unopened. He had previously signified his intention of causing proceedings to be taken should the sale be made to him, and following this he received a letter from the secretary and manager, stating that by the advice of their solicitor, the club would continue to supply liquor to members as they had done before. Mr. D'Eyncourt thought that the committee of the club should have waited until the application had been decided. His decision might be wrong or right, but at present it was not upset. Mr. Bristow thought that in common decency the club were bound to respect the decision of the magistrate. He proposed to take a summons against the person who occupied the combined offices of chairman, secretary, and manager. The constitutional rules of the club laid down that it was for the social and moral welfare of the working men in the neighbourhood; but instead of that, it was an association for drinking purposes, although, no doubt, combined with various games and a library and a supply of newspapers. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked that a sworn information should be made. Mr. Evans, in doing so, stated that not only was the sale in question well-known to the chairman of the club, but he (witness) had entered his name in a book as a purchaser, together with the amount paid. A summons was then issued against the manager and secretary, the names of the new committee not being at present obtainable.

CHARGES OF FRAUD AGAINST A NAVAL OFFICER.—Nathaniel Partant, 47, well-dressed, described as late chief engineer, royal navy, was charged on a warrant with obtaining the sum of £210s. 1s. false and fraudulent pretences from Mr. John Barnes, draper, of 101, Lupus-street, Pimlico. The prosecutor deposed that on the 15th of November the prisoner came into the shop and bought some articles of wearing apparel (socks and shirt) amounting to 15s. and asked the young man who served him to cash a cheque. Witness told him (prisoner) it was not usual to cash cheques for strangers. Prisoner said that he only wanted a very small one cashed. Witness consented to change a small cheque, and prisoner wrote one in the shop for £210s., and after receiving the amount in full, he paid for the things he had ordered. The goods were sent to a house in Alderney-street, which the prisoner gave as his address, but it proved that he had only lodged there one night. He did not take the things away, and witness received them after the cheque had been returned through the bank marked "No account." Detective-sergeant Wm. Taylor, who arrested the prisoner at Sheerness, told him a further charge would be preferred against him for uttering a fraudulent cheque for £27 10s. to Mr. Underwood, a grocer, 127, Victoria-road. Prisoner made no reply. Prisoner was formerly chief engineer in her Majesty's navy, but he was paid out about two years ago. Since that time he had followed no occupation, but he was charged at Sheerness with stealing a shipwrecked mariners' contribution box from an hotel; he was remanded and afterwards discharged, in consequence of a report of the proceedings appearing in the newspapers, the London police made inquiries, which led to his identification as a man who had been passing "duffing" cheques. Prisoner, who had nothing to say to the charges, and made no defence whatever, was remanded.

SINGULAR AFFILIATION CASE.—At the Westminster Police-court on Saturday, Mr. Alfred Briggs, of 27, Cale-street, Chelsea, was summoned at the instance of Annie Standhome, otherwise Taylor, to show cause why she should not be adjudged the putative father of a child born on the 2nd May of this year. The case has been twice before the Court. It appeared from the statement of the complainant, a well-dressed woman, formerly housekeeper in a gentleman's service, that she was married in March, 1862, and divorced in June of the present year, on the petition of her husband, who for some considerable time had been living apart from her. The defendant had courted her since 1877, and told her that if she got a divorce he would marry her. Defendant was a constant visitor at her lodgings twelve months before the baby was born, an event which took place on the 2nd of May this year. She was at that time lodging at Grosvenor-terrace, Pimlico, at the house of Mrs. Clements, and about eight days after the birth of the child, defendant paid the doctor's fee. She had had 41 weeks' sleep, till about five weeks before she applied for the summons, when he told her to go to the court and get what she could. While she was under his protection she was not intimate with any one else. Her husband was at Southport all the time. Mrs. Emily Mary Clements, of 2, Grosvenor-cottages, widow, said she knew the complainant, who occupied rooms in her house early in February. She gave birth to a child, and both before and after was

visited by the defendant, who passed by the name of Mr. Taylor. Complainant was not visited by any one else, and the defendant, who always acknowledged the child, was there till within a few hours of the confinement. The defendant was sworn, and admitted having been intimate with the complainant since 1877. He doubted if he was the father of the child, but he might be. Mr. Alfred Bristow, who appeared for the defendant, admitted that non-access of the husband of complainant was, to a certain extent, proved, but pointed out that, at the time the child was born, she was not judicially separated from her husband, and that therefore the strictest onus of proof lay with her. Mr. Bristow was continuing his argument for the defence, when he was interrupted by Mr. Chandler, on behalf of the complainant, who asked for a further adjournment, on the ground that a negotiation was pending for settling the matter, and that probably it would not trouble the Court again. Mr. Bristow consented to the adjournment for the purpose suggested, the magistrate remarking that the future interests of the child had to be studied as well as the interests of the present parties concerned.

Thames.

AN OLD FOOL AND HIS MONEY.—Marian List, 13, one of the *deau-monde*, was charged with stealing a purse containing 13s. 6d., the money of George Dunham, a shipwright, residing at Culloden-street, Bromley. The prosecutor, who appeared to be considerably over seventy years of age, said that on Thursday evening he was out for a walk, when he met the prisoner in the Mile-end-road. They had some conversation together, and partook of a little refreshment. He then went with her to a house in Ladylake-grove, a notorious thoroughfare. He laid his purse, containing all the money he had with him, on a table in the room. After he had been there some time, the prisoner went out into the street. Witness then missed his purse and his money. He at once went out after her, and on seeing him she ran away. He gave chase, but did not succeed in catching her. He saw her, however, the next evening in a public-house in the Mile-end-road. He at once found a constable, and gave prisoner into custody. Police-constable Levi Batten said prisoner averred that she knew nothing at all about the man or his money. She saw the prosecutor the previous evening in company with some other girls whom she did not know. Prosecutor recalled, in reply to the magistrate said he did not know why he told the constable that he had only lost half a sovereign. He was quite sure the prisoner was the girl who robbed him. His worship said he did not believe any jury would convict on complainant's evidence alone. Prisoner would therefore be discharged.

A "PLEDGE" OF AFFECTION.—Amongst a batch of people who attended to get his worship's signature in respect of a lost pawn-ticket, was an old lady of about 60. As she came up to the witness-box she handed in her paper, saying as she did so, "Affidavit." Mr. Odell, the chief usher, took the document from her, and asked the stereotyped question, "What is the pledge?" "A baby, sir," promptly replied the ancient dame. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the horrified usher, "what pawn-broker ever took such an article as that in?" The old lady seemed puzzled for a moment, and then, amidst considerable merriment, explained that she wanted to make a declaration concerning the age of her daughter's youngest child.

SAVAGE ASSAULT BY A WOMAN.—Jane Horton, 26, an "unfortunate" was charged with violently assaulting Mrs. Elizabeth Hansen, landlady of the Royal Standard, Well-street, Whitechapel. Police-constable Henry Goss, said prosecutrix was too ill to attend. She had been examined by a doctor, who was not able to say at present what the result of the inquiries might be. Florence Holmes, of John-street, said that last night she was in the Royal Standard, when prisoner came in. The landlady requested her to leave, as in consequence of previous misconduct, she was not allowed to be served in the house. Prisoner refused to go, on which the landlady came round to the front of the bar. The defendant, as she did so, kicked her in the lower part of the stomach, apparently causing her internal agony. Prisoner then ran off. Mr. Lushington remanded the defendant for a week.

Hammersmith.

A POLICE JOB.—Charles Floyd, landlord of the Crispin beer-house, Star-line, Fulham, appeared to answer an adjourned summons for Sunday trading. Detective Cordons and Police-constable Travers were directed on Sunday, the 4th inst., to watch the defendant's house. Between eight and twelve o'clock thirty persons, including five women, were seen to enter a house next door. At 9.30 the detective saw a stone jar passed through a hole in the fence dividing the two yards, and at 12 a large can was passed in the same way. The can was returned empty and taken into the defendant's house. On the premises being examined, speeches of beer were found on the fence and on the ground. In the course of the inquiry it was ascertained that the defendant, that part of the time he was in an empty house. He said he did not speak to the men because if he had done so he would have "spoilt the job." For the defence, Mr. Kitch described it as a police job, and called Alfred Killenback, a carpenter, who lived next door. He stated that some of the defendant's lodgers were repaying the yard, and while they were drinking some beer he said, "Hold on, give me a drop." They handed him a can which he returned, but he denied receiving a stone jar. He also denied that thirty persons entered the house. Mr. Partridge said the summons was adjourned for him to visit the house. Having done so, he came to the conclusion that the police had made out a case the position of the two houses admitted of every facility for sound trading as far as to evade the law. He fined the defendant, 25s. and 2s. costs. Mr. Kitch then made an earnest appeal to the magistrate not to endorse the licence. Inspector Keller said the house had been under observation for three years. He could show a letter he had received complaining of the conduct of the house. He had received verbal complaints from persons in the trade, who stated that when they opened their houses men rolled in drunk, the allegation being that they obtained the liquor in the defendant's or in the adjoining house. Mr. Partridge said he had no doubt the appearance in the fence had been used for a long time. Inspector Keller added that a number of witnesses were always on the look out. He collected that if he went dressed as a navy they would recognise him. Mr. Partridge decided upon endorsing the licence.

Greenwich.

FELONIOUS WOUNDING.—William Tillet, aged 25, and Alice Tillet, his wife, living at Hermonday, were charged on remand with feloniously cutting and wounding Thomas Kendall, general dealer, of 24, Caroline-crescent, Rotherhithe. On going home at about midnight on the 2nd inst., the prosecutor found the female prisoner in his house, and told her to go out, as he objected to her. She responded by slapping his face, and then put her out. In about half an hour she returned with her husband, whom she had woken up, and they then proceeded to burst the prosecutor's door open. On the prosecutor making his appearance, he was dragged out by the man, who was seen to give some article to his wife, and the latter then struck him on the right shoulder and head. Prisoner stated that he tried to stand on his feet, but he could not raise his arms, they all three fell to the ground, and when a policeman arrived the prisoners were on top of him. The prisoners were taken into custody, and Kendall, after being attended by the divisional police surgeon, was conveyed to Guy's Hospital. It was found that he had been stabbed on the shoulder with some sharp instrument, and there were several minor injuries about the head. The next morning a sharp-edged gouge was found at the scene of the affray. Prisoners, who denied the charge, were committed for trial.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY A GIRL.—Mary Ann Whittington, aged fourteen, of 42, Adonis-gardens, Rotherhithe, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by taking a quantity of white precipitate powder. Dr. B. Browning deposed to being called to attend the prisoner on Saturday, and finding she had taken precipitate powder, he administered an emetic, and she was now out of danger. She refused to say why she had tried to destroy herself. The constable who apprehended her said she was charged at this court with felony about a month ago, and her mother was bound over in 4s. for her good behaviour. Mr. Marshall remanded the witness.

